

Per Annos



King's Hall, Compton  
1958

# Per Annos

June 1958



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V B, IV A, IV B: Cathy Stewart

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Miss Limb

Miss Morris

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**Miss Gillard**

## Editorial

This has been a year of rapid development and of drastic change in the world at large. Here in Compton, living the carefree life of sheltered school-girls, we have felt the events that shook the world as tremors. We have read the front page of **The Gazette** and leafed carelessly through topical magazines, but few of us have delved further. Even with television to make the headlines realities in our lives, it has all seemed very remote. While the world rocked with the sound of atomic and hydrogen explosions, while Sputniks and Vanguards violated the heavens, and the great diplomats of the world conferred, we wrestled with algebra, struggled with French, and despaired at English.

Since September we have watched curiously but impersonally the successes and failures of nuclear tests; we have followed Hillary to the South Pole in one stage of the experiments for the Geophysical Year; we have groaned as unemployment and recession wracked the Western World, and have pondered the problem of international peace which is uppermost in everybody's mind. Canada itself has not remained untouched by change. We have seen the political situation vastly altered with Mr. Diefenbaker and the Conservatives sweeping the country.

Up to this point in our lives we have been able to afford to treat world affairs lightly, as they meant little to us personally; soccer games and tennis matches continued uninterrupted in spite of them. Beginning this June, however, twenty-five of us will have to give up this attitude and will be released from the security of boarding-school into the insecurity of an unfriendly world.

People have said to us many times this year, "How lucky you are to be leaving school at this particular moment. How fortunate to be at the brink of life now when the world has so much to offer!"

It has—so very much! All fields are open to the

modern girl—opportunities are infinite. For the girl with ambition, perseverance, and courage, the ladder of success stretches ever upwards. Nearly everyone of us, as she leaves school, has a goal before her to achieve in life. But there is one question which each must ask herself. "How am I going to attain that goal?" For a great many years man has felt that by improving his surroundings he would automatically improve himself. We have discovered, however, that this is not so, and that this attitude has weakened and corrupted the Western World just as it once did the Roman Empire. Therefore we have a choice before us as we stand poised on the bottom rung of the ladder. Are we going to submit to the tendency towards materialism? Shall we relinquish our ideals, and our purpose in life for the sake of "the almighty dollar" and external comforts, or shall we take the rockier path described by Arnold in "Rugby Chapel?" Shall we fight our battle honestly, trying to achieve our ultimate aim of bettering ourselves as human beings and strengthening our souls? I know we would all like to feel that we had contributed something of genuine value to the world, but are we strong enough in this scientific world of tension and insecurity to maintain our standards, to preserve a love of beauty and a profound respect for learning, and above all to retain our morals and our integrity?

At Compton we have had the best conceivable training to enable us to resist the lure of materialism. All possible attempts have been made to strengthen our characters to face the struggle bravely, to give us the right values, and to instil in us a love of the spiritual, the artistic, and the creative, as well as to give a comprehensive education. We have been equipped to meet the modern world. Let us do so with courage and with determination to conquer materialism.

We should like to thank all the Staff who have given their time and energy to preparing the magazine, Miss MacLennan for having typed, corrected and encouraged, Miss Morris for having organized, consulted with printers and gone over endless galleys, Miss Dexter for having inspired the school artists and Miss Limb for having helped with the advertising. We are also most grateful to Mrs. Welter, Miss Hewson and Miss Evans who helped to type our illegible, handwritten compositions and reports. Without the help of these the publication would be impossible.

## Head Girl



JOANNE MILLAR—"Jo Melch"  
Montreal, Quebec

MacDonald  
1951-58

"I burrowed under a tree to find a "V"

Favourite Expression:—"Just for K-i-c-k-s!"

Favourite Pastime:—Applying facial concoctions with no success.

Pet Aversion:—Faces that get red from embarrassment or the sun.

Activities:—Head Girl; Crucifer: Form Captain IVB, IVA, VB; Sports Captain VA, VIB; Library Committee; Choir; Literature Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.

Teams:—Basketball, School; Soccer, School; Volleyball, School.

## Head Girl's Report

Another year has drawn to a close, and what a memorable one! Can we ever forget the boisterous train-ride in September when we saw all our friends again and everyone was bubbling over with news of the wonderful summer holidays? Or can we forget the leisurely autumn walks to the top of Windy, where we could see how nature had painted the countryside around us in colours of red, orange, and yellow? During the winter term we stored up memories of flying down the sweeping trails at Hillcrest and also of those black and blue marks the next morning. The Formal and the Tea Dance with Bishop's were other special occasions. Now the air is filled with the sweet perfume of apple blossoms. Indoors, numerous preparations go forward for the Gym Demonstration and the final examinations—for the Matric class—the McGill exam. It is of these things and many more that our school-days have been woven.

This year even the 'flu epidemic had its brighter

moments—at least in retrospect. On behalf of all the girls who were ill I should like to express the deepest appreciation to our nurse, Miss Jenkins, and to the members of the Staff who helped to nurse us at that time. It is no wonder that we all recovered so quickly and without any relapses, since we were under such excellent care.

In addition to the things I have mentioned and in addition to lessons, we are taught, here at Compton, the importance of values, and the difference between right and wrong. Above all, the ideal expressed by our motto is always held before us—"Keep Troth." We cannot all be great scholars, but we can all build strong characters in ourselves. A sense of responsibility is ingrained in our beings here; life-long friendships are formed, and the ability to get along with others cultivated. All these things should mould us into the good citizens we hope to become.

JOANNE MILLAR, Matric.



## Prefects



DIANA MACDOUGALL—"Dido"  
Saraguay, Quebec

MacDonald  
1953-58

"Facts are stubborn things."

Favourite Expression:—"Whoops."

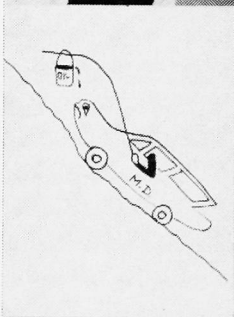
Prototype:—Webster's Dictionary.

Ambition:—Florence, Italy.

Probable Destination:—Florence Nightingale.

Activities:—Head of MacDonald; Form Captain, VIA; Head of Library Committee; Choir; Literature Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.

Teams:—Basketball, House; Soccer, House; Volleyball, House.



MARY JANE THOMPSON—"Thumper"  
Bathurst, New Brunswick

MacDonald  
1954-58

"Talk to her of Jacob's ladder and she would ask the number of steps."

Prototype:—Buster Brown.

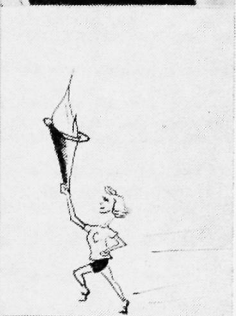
Favourite Pastime:—Counting calories.

Ambition:—M.D.

Probable Destination:—An incapable dietician.

Activities:—Prefect on MacDonald; Form Captain VA, VIA; Choir; Glee Club; Literature Club; Current Events; Dramatics; Junior Red Cross Representative 1957.

Teams:—Basketball, House; Soccer, School; Volleyball, School.



GILLIAN BASTIAN—"Bastienne"  
Montreal, Quebec

Montcalm  
1954-58

"I slept and dreamed that life was Beauty,  
I awoke to find that life is Duty."

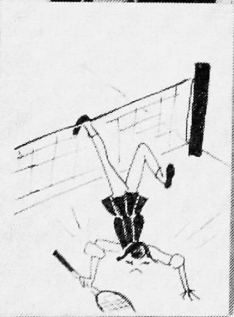
Prototype:—Gus-Gus.

Favourite Pastime:—Trying to be where she isn't.

Theme Song:—"Bewitched, Bothered, and Bewildered!"

Activities:—Head of Montcalm; Sports Captain VA, VIB, VIA; Glee Club; Dramatics; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.

Teams:—Basketball, House; Soccer, School; Volleyball, House.



ELIZABETH WALLACE—"Libby"  
Cardinal, Ontario

Montcalm  
1955-58

"There's no royal road to Geometry!"

Ambition:—McGill.

Probable Destination:—Sharpening pencils at Registrar's Office.

Pet Aversion:—People who ask if Cardinal is bigger than Compton.

Activities:—Prefect on Montcalm; Sports Captain VIB; Library Committee; Choir; Glee Club; Dramatics; Literature Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.

Teams:—Basketball, School; Soccer, House; Volleyball, House.



CYNTHIA BAILEY—"Bails"  
Bray, Co. Wicklow, Eire.

Rideau  
1948-58

"After coffee, things aren't so bad."

Ambition:—To marry an Irishman.

Probable Destination:—Scrubbing the Blarney Stone.

Pet Aversion:—People with writer's cramp.

Activities:—Head of Rideau; Form Captain IVB, IVA, VB, VIA; Sports Captain VA; Magazine Committee; Glee Club; Literature Club; Current Events; Dramatics; Junior Red Cross.

Teams:—Basketball, School; Soccer, School; Volleyball, School.



JANE MITCHELL—"Mitch"  
Massawippi, Quebec

Rideau  
1949-58

"Full o'beans and benevolence!"

Favourite Pastime:—Growing two inches overnight.

Pet Aversion:—Adolescent sophisticates.

Favourite Expression:—"I wish he could explain his explanations."

Activities:—Prefect on Rideau; Form Captain; Sports Captain; Library Committee; Glee Club; Literature Club; Current Events; Dramatics; Junior Red Cross.

Teams:—Basketball, School; Soccer, School; Volleyball, School.



## Sports Captains

BEVERLEY ROONEY—"Porky"  
Montreal, Quebec

Rideau  
1950-58

"He who laughs last has had the joke explained."

Ambition:—The Alps.

Pet Aversion:—The big bad wolf.

Favourite Expression:—"Let's have a feed."

Activities:—School Sports Captain; Magazine Committee; Glee Club;

Literature Club; Current Events; Dramatics; Junior Red Cross.

Teams:—Basketball, School; Soccer, School; Volleyball, School.

ANNE DOWIE—"Dow"  
Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A.

Montcalm  
1954-58

"He who laughs first told the joke."

Favourite Expression:—"No—just snowed."

Prototype:—Alfalfa.

Pet Aversion:—People who can't understand why I go 'all the way up there' to school.

Activities:—School Sports Captain; Form Captain VIB, VIA; Magazine Committee; Glee Club; Literature Club; Current Events; Dramatics; Junior Red Cross; Bellringer VIA.

Teams:—Basketball, School; Soccer, School; Volleyball, School.

## House Captains

BRENDA CUTHBERTSON—"Bee"  
Montreal, Quebec

Montcalm  
1952-58

"This woman's heart is like the moon,  
There's always a man in it."

Prototype:—Daisy May.

Pet Aversion:—Unsuccessful bleached blonds.

Theme Song:—"My Foolish Heart."

Activities:—Residence Captain; Library Committee; Glee Club; Literature Club; Current Events; Dramatics; Junior Red Cross.

Teams:—Basketball, House; Soccer, House; Volleyball, House.

HEATHER MACLAREN—"Heds"  
Halifax, Nova Scotia

Montcalm  
1956-58

"I can't sing. As a singist I am not a success."

Favourite Pastime:—Being late.

Pet Aversion:—People who dawdle.

Favourite Expression:—"Ever pathetic."

Activities:—Residence Captain; Library Committee; Glee Club; Literature Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.

Teams:—Basketball, Form; Soccer, House; Volleyball, Form.

## Form Captains

CYNTHIA HUTCHINS—"Hutch"  
Pembroke, Ontario

Montcalm  
1955-58

"Cheer up, the worst is yet to come."

Favourite Expression:—"Well, what difference does it make?"

Prototype:—Ronald Searle's "Belle of St. Trinians."

Pet Aversion:—People who ask for criticism but only want praise.

Activities:—Form Captain VIB, VIA, Matric; Library Committee; Magazine Committee; Glee Club; Literature Club; Current Events; Dramatics; Junior Red Cross; Director of Matric Entertainment.

Teams:—Basketball, Form; Soccer, House; Volleyball, House.

PATRICIA ARCHIBALD—"Arch"  
Delray Beach, Florida, U.S.A.

Rideau  
1954-58

Toujours gai, Archy, toujours gai."

Ambition:—Psychoanalyst.

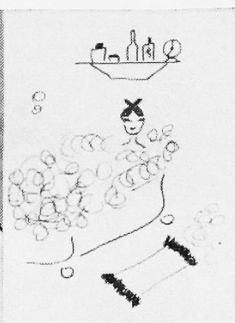
Probable Destination:—Underwater basketweaver.

Theme Song:—"Next Week is Work Week."

Activities:—Form Captain VIA, Matric; Sports Captain VA, VIB; Magazine Committee; Choir; Glee Club; Literature Club; Current Events; Dramatics; Junior Red Cross.

Teams:—Basketball, House; Soccer, School; Volleyball, School.





ELIZABETH ANGUS—"Bizzy"  
Montreal, Quebec

MacDonald  
1954-58

"It is better to be short and bright than to be tall and cast a shadow."

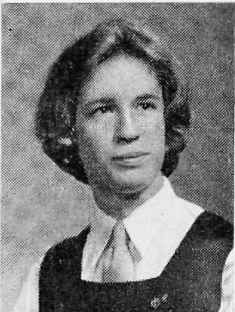
Favourite Expression:—"What's the joke?"

Ambition:—"To be 5' 3".

Probable Destination:—"The Eighth Dwarf."

Activities:—"Library Committee; Magazine Committee; Choir; Glee Club; Literature Club; Current Events; Dramatics; Junior Red Cross."

Teams:—"Basketball, House; Soccer, House; Volleyball, House."



ALISON BEATTIE—"Beats"  
Fort Chambly, Quebec

MacDonald  
1954-58

"When I feel like working I lie down until I feel better!"

Prototype:—"The Duchess."

Pet Aversion:—"Mostly everything."

Activities:—"Library Committee; Choir; Glee Club; Literature Club; Current Events; Dramatics; Junior Red Cross."

Teams:—"Basketball, House; Soccer, House; Volleyball, House."



SUSAN CARLING—"Fridge"  
London, Ontario

Montcalm  
1955-58

"Believe not what you hear and only half of what you see."

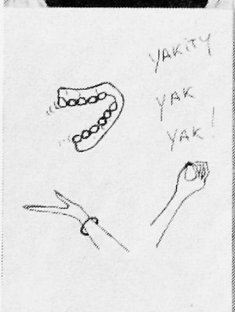
Prototype:—"Black eyed Susan."

Favourite Pastime:—"Receiving mail."

Pet Aversion:—"Wake up Little Susie!"

Activities:—"Choir; Glee Club; Literature Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross."

Teams:—"Basketball, School; Soccer, House; Volleyball, House."



ADRIENNE CASSILS—"Mole"  
Montreal, Quebec

Montcalm  
1955-58

"Her eager chatter fills the air,  
And drives her class-mates to despair."

Favourite Expression:—"Yak-edy-yak-yak."

Favourite Pastime:—"Turning lovely shades of red."

Pet Aversion:—"Neatness."

Activities:—"Library Committee; Glee Club; Choir; Literature Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross."

Teams:—"Basketball, House; Soccer, House; Volleyball, House."



HEATHER DEWAR—"Puds"  
Oakville, Ontario

Rideau  
1954-58

"Laugh at all you trembled at before."

Prototype:—"Mona Lisa."

Ambition:—"To go around Europe on a motor-scooter."

Activities:—"Library Committee; Magazine Committee; Glee Club; Literature Club; Current Events; Dramatics; Junior Red Cross."

Teams:—"Basketball, House; Soccer, House; Volleyball, House."



CATHERINE HARVIE—"Harve"  
Thornhill, Ontario

MacDoanld  
1954-58

"The more I see of man,  
The better I like dogs."

Ambition:—"Affirmative."

Probable Desitnation:—"Negative."

Pet Aversion:—"People who grasp a lock and say 'Is that real?'"

Activities:—"Library Committee; Magazine Committee; Choir; Glee Club; Literature Club; Current Events; Dramatics; Junior Red Cross."

Teams:—"Basketball, House; Soccer, House; Volleyball, House."

HONORE MACDOUGALL—"Honie"  
Montreal, Quebec

Montcalm  
1954-58

"For men may come and men may go but I go on forever."

Favourite Expression:—"That's fantastic!"

Ambition:—To go to Paris.

Theme Song:—"I love Paris!"

Activities:—Head of Library Committee; Choir; Glee Club; Literature Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.

Teams:—Basketball, House; Soccer, House; Volleyball, House.



WENDY MACLAREN—"Wendul"  
Halifax, Nova Scotia

Montcalm  
1956-58

"Just to the windward of the law."

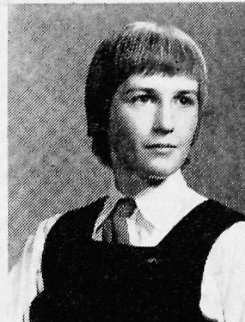
Favourite Pastime:—Speaking the 'ob' lobangobuage.

Pet Aversion:—Tea and Break duty.

Favourite Expression:—"— or something."

Activities:—Magazine Committee; Glee Club; Literature Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross - President.

Teams:—Basketball, House; Soccer, House; Volleyball, House.



PATRICIA MCFETRICK—"Pasqualle"  
Pointe Claire, Quebec

Montcalm  
1953-58

"All the world loves a lover" (except in a phone booth)

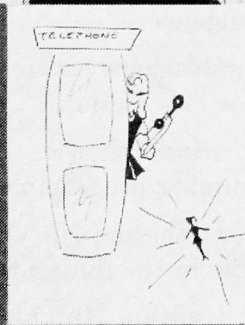
Prototype:—Maggy Muggins.

Favourite Pastime:—Borrowing time from the Bell Telephone.

Theme Song:—Boney Maroney.

Activities:—Form Captain VB, VA; Sports Captain VB, VA, VIB, VIA; Glee Club; Literature Club; Current Events; Dramatics; Junior Red Cross.

Teams:—Basketball, School; Soccer, School; Volleyball, School.



ELISE MENASCHÉ—"Else"  
Bogota, Colombia, South America

Rideau  
1951-58

"Life is just one thing after another."

Favourite Expression:—"That's just common sense."

Ambition:—To revise Geometry Book.

Pet Aversion:—People who ask if they have cars, television and refrigerators in South America.

Activities:—Form Captain, IVA, VB, VA; Library Committee; Glee Club; Literature Club; Current Events; Dramatics; Junior Red Cross.

Teams:—Basketball, House; Soccer, School; Volleyball, House.



SANDRA ROBERTSON—"Sandy"  
Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

Montcalm  
1954-58

"Murmurs and scents of the infinite sea."

Favourite Pastime:—Talking about - - -

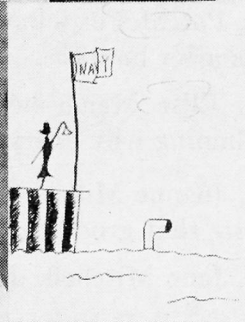
Ambition:—To own a Jaguar XK 140.

Probable Destination:—Riding in a Volkswagen.

Pet Aversion:—Short people.

Activities:—Library Committee; Magazine Committee; Glee Club; Literature Club; Current Events; Dramatics; Junior Red Cross.

Teams:—Basketball, House; Soccer, House; Volleyball, House.



ANN SISE—"Sise"  
Montreal, Quebec

MacDonald  
1954-58

"I can resist anything but temptation."

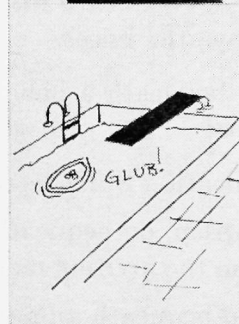
Ambition:—To be accepted as a safe driver by the Province of Quebec.

Probable Destination:—20 year suspension.

Pet Aversion:—Unanswered phone calls.

Activities:—Library Committee; Glee Club; Literature Club; Current Events; Dramatics; Junior Red Cross.

Teams:—Basketball, Form; Soccer, House; Volleyball, Form.





## LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

We, the Matrics of '58, being of sound minds and bodies do hereby bequeath to future Matric classes the following objects:

I, Bizzy Angus, do bequeath a Slenderella Salon to all those who lack will power.

I, Pat Archibald, do bequeath a sunlamp complete with coppertone for homesick Floridians.

I, Cinny Bailey, do bequeath a clock-radio complete with coffee-pot to wake up normal Comptonites at 6.50 a.m. **pleasantly**.

I, Gill Bastian, do bequeath a permanent silencer for the rising-bell.

I, Alison Beattie, do bequeath an adding machine for each desk, to reduce hot tempers in arithmetic class.

I, Sue Carling, do bequeath a dictophone letter-writer for those who wish to keep contact with the civilized world.

I, Adie Cassils, do bequeath ear plugs for girls with room-mates who talk too much.

I, Brenda Cutherbertson, do bequeath an instant peroxide-remover to all those who suffer from over-indulgence.

I, Heather Dewar, do bequeath two tons of wakie-wakie pills to be used by all frantic exam-writers during those late nights.

I, Anne Dowie, do bequeath a crystal ball which speculates examination questions to simplify the cramming programme.

I, Catherine Harvie, do bequeath a conveyer-belt from each table to the kitchen, thus reducing heavy traffic in the dining-room.

I, Cynthia Hutchins, do bequeath automatic window-closers for those frigid winter mornings.

I, Heather Maclaren, do bequeath an automatic washing machine and dryer to all those who, like me, have at one time or another turned the school into a tenement house.

I, Wendy Maclaren, do bequeath to anyone who hates Tea-and-Ereak duty as much as I, an amazing ability to get out of it.

I, Di MacDougall, do bequeath tranquillizers to those of an excitable temperament.

I, Honore MacDougall, do bequeath an artificial sun which will shine through the windows warming up bedrooms at 6.30 a.m. each morning, regardless of weather conditions outside.

I, Pat McFetrick, do bequeath the telephone answering service for the benefit of all those who get phone calls after hours.

I, Elise Menasché, do bequeath a revised version of the geometry book, containing one proposition explaining why everything in geometry is common sense.

I, Joanne Millar, do bequeath an automatic exam-writer for those who suffer from a nervous breakdown before that gruelling, knee-giving week.

I, Jane Mitchell, do bequeath a book of excuses for every situation entitled "But Miss—I Was Just—!"

I, Sandy Robertson, do bequeath **long** black stockings to all people who, like me, have never been able to get any that came above the knees.

I, Bev. Rooney, do bequeath a helicopter for transportation to Hillcrest every afternoon—back in time for early Prep of course!

I, Ann Sise, do bequeath a Staff-detector to enable illegal activities to thrive, unobserved.

I, Mary Jane Thompson, do bequeath fifty-two new sets of choral books to the up-and-coming singers so that the choir can storm the inviting metropolis of Montreal each and every week-end.

I, Libby Wallace, do bequeath an automatic tennis ball chaser for use on K.H.C. courts.



# School Calendar

## 1957

School opened for the Christmas Term .....	Sept.	11
Appointment of the Prefects .....	Sept.	12
Matric Entertainment .....	Sept.	28
Junior Cottage Prefects chosen .....	Oct.	11
Illustrated Talk by Miss Povey on Western Trip .....	Oct.	13
Mary Jane Thompson's report on Junior Red Cross Conference .....	Oct.	13
Thanksgiving Week-end .....	Oct.	14
The 'Flu. Epidemic .....	Oct.	14-28
Hallowe'en Supper .....	Oct.	31
Illustrated Talk by Miss Davis on New Zealand and Australia .....	Nov.	3
Long Week-end .....	Nov.	9
National Ballet in Sherbrooke .....	Nov.	14
"She Stoops to Conquer"—K.H.C. Stalwarts .....	Nov.	17
One-act plays at U.B.C. ....	Nov.	22
Junior Nativity Play .....	Nov.	24
Miss Gillard's Birthday .....	Dec.	4
Early Morning Carols by Choir .....	Dec.	7
Christmas Pageant, Carol Service, Christmas Party .....	Dec.	8
School Closed for Christmas Vacation .....	Dec.	11

## 1958

School Re-opened for Easter Term .....	Jan.	9
Snow Sculpturing Contest .....	Jan.	26
Violin and Piano Concert by Mr. and Mrs. Robson .....	Feb.	5
U.B.C. Ice Carnival .....	Feb.	7
Illustrated Talk on MacFarlane Tours .....	Feb.	8
Semi-final McGill Alumnae Public Speaking at Sherbrooke .....	Feb.	10
Trial Scene—Shakespeare's <i>MERCHANT OF VENICE</i> —VI B. ....	Feb.	16
Annual School Dance .....	Feb.	28
"My Fur Lady" attended by VI A's and Matrices .....	Mar.	1
"She Stoops to Conquer"—U.B.C. ....	Mar.	7
"Eros at Breakfast" presented at K.H.C. by B.C.S. ....	Mar.	9
Basketball Match—Stanstead vs. K.H.C. at K.H.C. ....	Mar.	12
Science Exhibition at U.B.C. ....	Mar.	21, 22
Swimming Meet .....	Mar.	23
Operetta, "The Idea"—V A. ....	Mar.	23
Sugaring-off Party at Mr. and Mrs. Johann's .....	Mar.	24
School Closed for Easter Vacation .....	Mar.	26
School Re-opened for Summer Term .....	Apr.	10
Piano Recital by Miss Anna Macdonald .....	Apr.	13
"Mikado" at B.C.S. ....	Apr.	16
Illustrated talk by Rear-Admiral MacMillan on the Arctic .....	Apr.	17
Red Cross Supper .....	Apr.	20
Programme of Dramatic Monologues, Mrs. McKellar .....	Apr.	20
Choir Sang in Royal College of Church Music Festival, Montreal .....	Apr.	26
Confirmation .....	May	3
VI A Play in Youth Drama Festival, Sherbrooke .....	May	3
VI A Play—"The Tenth Word" .....	May	16
The Long Week-end .....	May	19
School Closing .....	June	6, 7

## After Class

### MATRIC ENTERTAINMENT

At seven o'clock on the evening of September 28th, the rest of the school watched excitedly as the curtain rose for this year's Matric Entertainment. Though the Matrics had but a few weeks to plan and practise, they deserve many congratulations for their excellent production, entitled "Around Compton in Eighty Minutes." The programme began with an Old Girls' meeting, twenty years from now, at the Ritz Carlton in Montreal. Several girls were having lunch together and discussing various members of their class, some of whom they had not seen since way back in 1958!

The next glimpse of Compton—1958—was an amusing soccer game against those husky boys on the B.C.S. football team. Next came the familiar bus-ride over to Hillcrest, when everyone rushes onto the bus forgetting ski-poles, and even skis! (You may not think it possible to forget skis, but it happens.) As the skiers headed for Hillcrest, songs were sung and one girl even asked the inevitable question, "I wonder if B.C.S. will be over there to-day?"

Scene III gave us an example of what we look like when we hurry into the Saturday night movie, saving seats and shouting for our friends. As each reel of the "movie" ended there was that chorus of "Lights! Lights!" well-known to any Comptonite. "K.H.C. Night-life" brought back memories to all of us who parade the corridors at night when we should be in bed! The last scene showed King's Hall invading the village juke-box store on a Saturday afternoon. Popular songs blared as the girls tried desperately to make themselves understood in French. As a finale to their entertaining evening, the entire Matric class sang their pretty version of "Moments to Remember."

The Matrics of '58 deserve all our thanks. We all agree that as producers Cynn timer Hutchins and Pat Archibald couldn't have made "Around Compton in Eighty Minutes" more of a success.

LYN CARTER, VI A.

### THE STALWARTS' PLAY

While many of us were suffering from 'flu, the few remaining healthy girls, commonly know as the "Stalwarts," were busily preparing a play for the invalids' enjoyment. Thus, several weeks after our convalescence, on the evening of November the seventeenth, we were privileged to see their production of a condensed version of "She Stoops to Conquer." We were all delighted with the results. Both the costumes and scenery were excellent and very fine performances were given by Dixi Lambert, Lyn Carter, Alex Palk, and Cynthia Gordon in the leading roles, well supported in the minor parts by Lorna Murray, Cynthia Bailey, Bonnie Penhale, and Ann Smith. If 'flu can have compensations, "She Stoops to Conquer" was one of them.

JAMIE TROOP, VI A.



### VI B DRAMATICS

The Trial Scene from Shakespeare's **The Merchant of Venice**, put on by VI B during the Winter Term was a great success, as are all the plays which Miss Hewson directs. The characters were very well portrayed by the VI B cast, consisting of the following girls: Greer Gardner (Shylock), Cynthia Gordon (Antonio), Judy House (Portia), and also Joan Cory, Valerie Morris, Ann Connacher, Bonnie Ross, Cherry Bower, and Pat McLean.

The scenery was very cleverly contrived. The walls of the "court" were hung with crimson, white, and blue chenille bedspreads, giving it an air of stateliness and richness.



### "A BIRDS' CHRISTMAS CAROL"

Just before the Christmas holidays the whole school spent a most enjoyable evening watching the Juniors' performance of the operetta, "The Birds' Christmas Carol," directed by Miss Hewson. This touching little operetta was produced with great expertness and charm. The singing, acting, scenery, and costumes were outstandingly good.

I am sure the whole school wishes to thank Miss Hewson, the cast, and the "behind-scenes" assistants for a most delightful performance and another wonderful success.

ROSEMARY CHRISTENSEN, VI A.

## ILLUSTRATED TALKS

This year we were fortunate enough to be shown an unusual number of fascinating coloured slides from different parts of the world. Early in September Miss Povey presented some beautiful slides of the trip which she had taken out West with Miss Dostie, Miss Dexter, and Miss Ticehurst. The pictures included magnificent views of Banff, Glacier National Park, California, Salt Lake, and Yellowstone Park. Miss Povey also showed us some slides illustrating rock formations and other objects of particular interest to geography students. We all wish to thank her.

On November 3, an old girl of the school, Miss Margaret Davis, gave an illustrated talk on different places she had visited on a recent trip to New Zealand and Australia. We saw a typical Maori village in New Zealand, some views of the South Island, some scenes from the interior of Australia, and very interesting glimpses of Sydney. Miss Davis also had slides of the Royal Family in England at some of the ceremonies where the full dress of the Order of the Garter is worn. We should like to thank Miss Davis for giving up her time to come here and afford us such enjoyment.

On Februaury 8, two University of Toronto students, George Butterfield and Sidney Robinson presented pictures taken the summer before on the Gibb-Macfarlane tour of Europe. They also gave us details about the tour. Their views included pictures of Holland, the Black Forest, the Swiss Alps and Venice. Thank you very much. You inspired many of your hearers with the desire to take a smiliar trip.

ELISE MENASCHE, Matric.

## PIANO AND VIOLIN CONCERT

On Wednesday, February 12, the school enjoyed a very fine concert given by a young violin-piano team, Mr. and Mrs. Robson. Their programme consisted of some very interesting classical compositions, both modern and eighteenth-nineteenth century. Mr. Robson explained each selection before it was played, thus enabling us to listen more intelligently and with more appreciation.

Mrs. Robson is a Scottish girl, and Mr. Robson a Canadian. They met while studying at the London Conservatory of Music. While giving a concert tour of Europe they won an important award at an international festival. We were honoured indeed to have them at King's Hall, and hope that they will come again.

CAROLE SALMON, VI B.

## MISS MACDONALD'S CONCERT

On the evening of April the thirteenth, King's Hall was privileged to attend a pianoforte concert given by one of its own music teachers, Miss Anna Macdonald who played a beautiful programme in three divisions.

The first included:

Easter Cantata - -	Bach arr. Rummel.
Sonata in E major -	Scarlatti.
Sonata in D minor	Scarlatti.
Rondo in E flat -	Rummel.
Itermezzo - - -	Brahms.
Capriccio - - -	Brahms.
"Abegg" Variations	Schumann.
Romance - - - -	Schumann.

The second part consisted of three preludes by composers from three different eras who used three different ways of writing a prelude.

E minor - - - -	Mendelssohn.
Reflets dans l'eau -	Debussy.
G minor - - - -	Rachmaninoff.

The final group on the programme was made up of three of Chopin's works, Etude, (The Ocean)—Nocturne and Polonaise.

We enjoyed the concert very much and are looking forward to next year when perhaps Miss Macdonald will play for us again.

ALEX PALK, VI B.



## REAR-ADMIRAL DONALD MacMILLAN

Rear-Admiral Donald MacMillan of the National Geographical Society brought us a film and lecture on one of his 30 trips into the north 'Beyond the Arctic Circle.' Dr. MacMillan is a geologist, anthropologist, teacher, lecturer and author. He travelled North first with Commander Peary, who discovered the North Pole.

He gave us a glimpse of Eskimo life and customs in Canada and Greenland, of the origin of icebergs, of life in northern waters—the polar bear, seals and walruses—and of the work at a whaling station when a 100 ton blue whale is being processed.

Everyone was so enthusiastic that we could have listened all night to the adventures and philosophy of this vital and truly scientific man—in fact scarcely one of us but would wish to be with the 'Bowdoin' on its voyage North again this summer.



## DRAMATIC MONOLOGUES

On April 20, Mrs. Phoebe Erskine McKellar visited the school to present one of her most popular programmes—dramatic monologues done in costume depicting characters of early French Canada. The two heroines she dramatized for us were Madeleine de Vercheres and Marguerite Bourgeoys—known as Mother Bourgeoys. Her method of changing costumes and changing the tone of her voice as she passed from one scene to another in these famous lives was effective and forceful. Her monologues made a lasting impression on her audience, who will always more fully realize the heroism of Madeleine de Vercheres and the devoted faith of Mother Bourgeoys.

We would also wish to thank Mrs. McKellar for presenting the school with several boxes of costumes for use in the school plays. We assure her that these costumes are most welcome and most deeply appreciated.



### "MY FUR LADY"

On Saturday afternoon, March 15th, the Matrics and VI A's went in to Sherbrooke to see "My Fur Lady," done by the professional company. Those who had seen it before thought it was a "terrific" show, and found it interesting to compare the professional show with the original—put on by The Red and White Review, as part of McGill's annual winter carnival.

As most people know, the story is about an Eskimo princess living in Mukluko, a principality made rich by the D.E.W. line. Her uncles discover to their horror that if she is not married by the age of twenty-one their kingdom will become part of Canada. With only a month to go before she comes of age, they decide to send her to Canada to find a husband. Here she meets a reporter of "True Canadian Romances," who takes her on a tour of Canada, which includes an opening of Parliament, a lecture in Moyse Hall, a scene at McGill, and the Protocol Ball. On the eve of her twenty-first birthday she becomes engaged to the Governor General, or G.G., as he is more commonly called in the production. Full of satire on Canadians and their way of life, and written entirely by the students of McGill themselves, "My Fur Lady" is a most amazing and enjoyable show.

HEATHER MACLAREN, Matric.

## THE CANADIAN NATIONAL BALLET

For the past two years the VI A's and Matrics have had the pleasure of seeing our Canadian Ballet when it came to Sherbrooke. This year we went on November 15th, and all of us thoroughly enjoyed the performance.

The programme was made up of the Second Act of "The Nutcracker Suite," "Orpheus of the Underworld," a modernistic version of "Our Modern Age," and a "Pas de Trois." "The Nutcracker Suite," familiar to all, was the favourite, but a great deal of interest was focused on the modern dancing which had a great deal of humour. The "Pas de Trois" was the story of two persistent suitors and a flirtatious young girl; the theme was light and gay, and the facial expressions were excellent. Considerable credit must also be given to those who deserved and took the leading roles: David Adams, Lois Smith, Lilian Jarvis, Betty Pope and Harold da Silva, while Ray Moller did a very realistic Spanish solo. The Artistic Director (and dancer) is Celia Franca, Musical Director—George Crum, and the Ballet Mistress—Betty Oliphant.

KATE REED, VI A.



## BISHOP'S ICERAMA

Friday night, the seventh of February, was a scene of great excitement at King's Hall, as we were going to attend the "Icerama" put on by the students of Bishop's University.

The theme of the carnival was "The Four Seasons of the Year," each season depicted in colour, music, and motion. Special mention should be made of the Bishop's Canabelles, who put on several original numbers, Bishop "Bunnies," "Bermudas," "Cheerleaders" and "Snowflurries."

We should not overlook a comedy act, "Flotsam and Jetsam" done by Ray Stokes and Tom Wilson. Carl Harrison, the Canadian Junior Men's Singles Champion, with Miss Eleanor MacLeod, performed a duet in "The Spring Season." They are a talented pair. A skating celebrity from McGill displayed a spectacular solo, which was warmly applauded.

The climax of the carnival was the crowning of the carnival Queen. After this a hockey match took place, but unfortunately we were not able to stay for the game. However, we are all truly grateful to those who made it possible for us to attend Bishop's annual "Icerama."

BRENDA CUTHBERTSON, Matric.



**MIKADO**

On Wednesday, April sixteenth, we were all taken to see B.C.S.'s production of the "Mikado" by Gilbert and Sullivan. Boys from both the Senior and Prep school took part in this operetta, which was done in two acts. The scenery was typically oriental. The garden surrounding the Mikado's palace furnished a back-ground to the first act, while the second act took place in the Chinese countryside. The excellent singing was accompanied by a four-piece orchestra.

Some jokes about Compton were added to the lyrics, which made them especially amusing to us. We couldn't have spent a pleasanter evening. The boys of B.C.S. deserve many congratulations for their outstanding performance.

DIXIE LAMBERT, VI A.

**U.B.C. PLAYS**

On November 22, we had the pleasure of seeing two one-act plays and an operetta put on by the members of Bishop's University Dramatics Society. The opening play, "Another Way Out," was a dramatic presentation of the story of a young couple living in Greenwich Village. The next play was "Master Dudley," a modern tragedy set in Hampstead, London. The focal point of the evening was a presentation of one of Gilbert and Sullivan's best-loved operas, "Trial By Jury."

The costumes, humour, and singing were excellent in "Trial By Jury." One might have thought the students were professionals, their acting was so good. All who were fortunate enough to attend the plays had a most enjoyable evening.

JENNIFER PARSONS, VI A.

**U.B.C. "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER"**

On March 7th, the students of Bishop's University presented "She Stoops to Conquer," the well-known comedy by Oliver Goldsmith. The play consists of five acts, all of which were acted most amusingly. Mr. Hardcastle, Kate, Tony, Mrs. Hardcastle, Marlow, and all the other characters were portrayed very well. The students should be congratulated also on the excellent effect produced by their staging, lighting and costumes. All these things contributed towards making the evening such a pleasant one for those fortunate enough to attend.

LYN CARTER, VI A.

**THE B.C.S. PLAY**

On Saturday March 9th, we were given the privilege of seeing the first performance of a B.C.S. play, "Eros at Breakfast," put on in our own Prep Hall. The play was extremely well acted and very amusing. We very much appreciated the fact that the boys brought the play to us, instead of our having to go to the play. The boys plan to enter it in the Sherbrooke Drama Festival.

LORNA MURRAY, VI A.

**BIOLOGY EXHIBITION**

Over a hundred King's Hall biologists and potential biology pupils were privileged to spend an afternoon or evening at the biennial Biology Exhibition of Bishop's University in late March.

The theme 'Life in Fresh Waters' was developed in sequence from sub-visible living plants and animals to a 5-foot carp. The interrelationships of plant and animal life were stressed and emphasis was given to the importance of fresh water life in maintaining the food needs of the world.

A variety of fresh water animals ranging through salamanders, crayfish, lizards, hydra, frogs, turtles, mud puppies and such fish as dace, shiners, chub, trout, bass, suckers, pike and carp, as well as insects like mosquitoes and dragonflies, whose larvae live in water, provided the largest attractions. These were seen in various stages of their life histories and of dissection to reveal structures and functions.

Microscopic life types were seen by microprojection from cultures of pond and river waters. Films on a variety of subjects supplemented the theme of the exhibition.

Outstanding were the artificial pond, river and falls where one could watch trout rise for flies and leap the falls to swim up stream; fascinating were the responses of dead frogs to electrical stimuli and the beating of a dead frog's heart as well as its immediate response to adrenalin.

In keeping with K.H.C. tradition the questions of this year's enthusiasts challenged the exhibitors. Many enterprising girls persuaded Dr. Langford to give them a private viewing of the human brain, while others discovered the real skeleton that U.B.C. has in its closet.

Whether one is an ardent fisherman, an average biologist or a student of literary and language subjects, this exhibition was interesting, informative and utterly fascinating so that seldom has a three hour period passed so quickly.

### THANKSGIVING WEEKEND

This year the Thanksgiving weekend was very different from previous ones, because we were in quarantine in the hope of avoiding 'flu. We were disappointed as we had expected a gay weekend with a Tea Dance at B.C.S. On the Saturday we did much the same things as on ordinary Saturdays. In the afternoon we played soccer or walked and in the evening we had an exceptionally good movie. Sunday was also the same as usual, but Monday was a holiday. We were allowed to sleep late and to have a "dressing-gown breakfast." That was a great treat! In the morning we had a House meet, which Rideau won, and in the afternoon we were free to do what we liked. We also spent a fascinating time watching the opening of Parliament on television, with other scenes from the Royal visit. The weekend seemed a perfect one until word went around that we had our first 'flu case! All our precautions had been for nothing, but we did not mind really, as we were promised another long weekend later in the term, and three extra days at Christmas.

ELIZABETH PRICE, VI A.

### HALLOWE'EN

Unfortunately, because of a 'flu epidemic this year, the usual Hallowe'en masquerade had to be cancelled. Of course this was a disappointment to us all, but the special Hallowe'en supper that was prepared made up for the loss of the masquerade. This meal commenced with the serving of steaming frankfurters and was followed by a most appropriate desert for Hallowe'en, orange ice cream with chocolate sauce, plus, of course, the traditional sweets that are always associated with Hallowe'en.

Our thanks to go to Mr. Burt and his staff for such an enjoyable supper.

SUE HANSON, VI A.

### THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

This year, as usual, King's Hall celebrated Christmas on the last week-end of the autumn term. The festivities, beginning with the choir singing carols outside our windows on the Saturday, before breakfast, the giving of black stockings full of odds and ends collected at the village, and the delicious Christmas dinner after church on Sunday, culminated in a party that night. First we enjoyed a pageant produced by Miss Hewson and members of the VI B, VI A, and Matric Glee Clubs. Then the Juniors and Matrics sang French carols (the latter our beloved "Petit Noël") and the Choir

sang several English carols. Last the Staff sang an English carol. After that we proceeded to the lounge—past the choir, who were standing on either side of the glass passage, holding candles and singing carols accompanied by Mrs. Aitken on the organ and Miss Macdonald on the piano.

Once seated in the lounge we were entertained by Santa Claus and his band of followers, this year portrayed by the Matrics as the children of all nations, shapes, colours, and sizes. After gifts had been presented to Miss Gillard and the Staff, we sang a few more carols, and so ended a very happy Compton Christmas.

RUTH PEVERLEY, VI A.

### THE FORMAL

Date: February 28. Time: 9.30 p.m.

Place: King's Hall.

Numerous voices echoed on the corridor as everyone bustled about preparing for the annual dance. For some, it was their Compton debut. Excitement filled the school. Then the cry "The buses are here" floated down the corridors. The Prefects and other Matrics, the hostesses, greeted the forlorn boys who looked as if they were dreading every minute of their impending ordeal. Frantic attempts were made to arrange the couples for the first dance. No boy was allowed to enter the dance floor unless he was escorting a girl, nor was any girl allowed there unaccompanied. This new system proved quite successful. Unfortunately the dance got off to a slow start as the band had been held up by the wretched weather. Bad driving conditions kept many guests very late and also prevented some from arriving at all. A Paul-Jones got things underway at last. The programme for the evening consisted of a variety of dances in which everyone could participate, such as snowball, squat, and elimination. The Grand March led us down to supper, where displayed on the tables were assorted cakes and cookies, which were rapidly devoured by our hungry guests and ourselves. The dance resumed, and continued until the familiar strains of "Good-night Ladies" brought it to a close.

The decoration theme was "The Hanging Gardens of Babylon." The effect was well carried out by the use of large tropical flowers, vines, and white streamers. The excellent lighting should also be commended. On behalf of the school we should like to thank the VI A's for their impressive Gardens of Nebuchadnezzar. We feel that the Staff and students of both schools combined to make the 1958 "Formal" a memorable one.

B. CUTHBERTSON, H. MACDOUGALL, Matric.

### THE RED CROSS SUPPER

Our Annual Red Cross supper was held on April 20, and as usual was a great success. The school gathered in the lounge, where each Form from IV B to Matric and also the Staff gave their Red Cross contributions to Miss Gillard. There was a wide assortment of clothes, toys and scrapbooks. Almost every article had been made by the girls themselves. The clothes included coats, dresses, skirts, blouses, frilly underwear, and warm blankets. There were knitted garments of every description and stuffed animals of every shape and size. Each thing given was dainty and gay as well as useful. As Miss Gillard pointed out, the little decorative touches had not been forgotten.

After thanking Miss Dostie for all her help and encouragement we all filed into the dining-room to find a delicious supper planned by Mrs. Aitken. We all think that this has been one of the best Red Cross nights ever.

ADRIENNE CASSILS, Matric.

### VI B RED CROSS REPORT

Every Wednesday evening before bed-time the VI B's, complete with gramophone and records, met in the Lounge with their Form Mistress, Miss Ramsay, to sew or knit for the Red Cross. They concentrated on boys and girls of their own age. With the help of Miss Ramsay and Mademoiselle Dostie many complicated articles were completed. People who needed to use the sewing-machines were allowed to do so in the sewing lab. On many other evenings also girls gave up their reading time to work for the Red Cross.

To Miss Ramsay and Mademoiselle Dostie we wish to extend sincere appreciation. Without their help and encouragement our projects would never have been ready for the Red Cross Supper on April 20.

GREER GARDNER, VI B.

### LIBRARY REPORT

During the Autumn Term any activity of the Library committee was unfortunately curtailed by the 'flu epidemic. During the week of convalescence, however, Miss MacLennan distributed books on the corridor.

At the beginning of the second term we were thrilled to have the happy task of cataloguing and placing stacks of delightful new books. Many of these were the gift of a kind benefactress, an old girl, Mrs. Pierce Reed; others were bought by the school. These latter included many of particular interest to geography students.

Until Christmas the Head of the Library committee was Honore MacDougall, but after Christmas, as usual, the Matrics retired and their places were taken by VI A's. The Heads until next Christmas are Ruth Peverley and Jamie Troop. In February Mrs. Doering replaced Miss MacLennan as Staff adviser. We wish to thank both our Staff advisers and also the many girls who worked so faithfully at the tasks involved in being on the "Library Committee."

RUTH PEVERLEY

JAMIE TROOP.



### SENIOR CURRENT EVENTS

This year Miss Morris suggested a new plan for the Matrics and VI A's to follow in Current Events. Instead of our Friday night gatherings to discuss current happenings, both Forms met on Sunday evenings in the lounge to watch a weekly programme—News Magazine—on television.

News Magazine was a new discovery and pleasure for the senior Comptonites. It dealt with many of the world problems of to-day from such things as the Algerian crisis to the exploration of outer space. Following the half-hour programme there was always an informal discussion, during which Miss Morris answered all our questions concerning the filmed items we had just seen.

Senior Current Events this past year has been a most profitable as well as educational experience. I am sure that I speak for us all when I extend our deepest thanks to Miss Morris

MARY JANE THOMPSON, Matric.



### JUNIOR CURRENT EVENTS

Are you in the know? This year Junior Current Events, which are compulsory for VI B and optional for V A, were held quite regularly on Thursday evenings. Mrs. Doering very kindly took on the task of being our teacher—which I can assure you takes patience! The first term we held our meetings from 9:00 to 9:30 p.m. but on account of certain inconveniences, our meeting was changed to 8:30 p.m. It would not be very difficult to guess what our main topics of discussion were this year—satellites and the relationship between Russia and the Western World. We also discussed the American and Canadian elections. I should now, on behalf of VI B and V A, like to thank Mrs. Doering for her time and trouble.

PENNY AYRE, VI B.



## VI A LITERATURE CLUB

This year circumstances made it impossible for us to have any meetings of the Literature Club in the Winter Term, but in the Autumn Term we did some very interesting things. We listened to records of Euripides' "Medea," with Judith Anderson, Raymond Johnston, and an excellent supporting cast. We also read the mysterious and eerie play, "Mary Rose" by J. M. Barrie, besides several others.

During the Winter Term we were busy rehearsing two plays, one under the direction of Dixie Lambert and Lyn Carter. A third play was started just after Easter. We have all enjoyed the VI A. Literature Club immensely.

DIANNE HORNIG, VI A.

## GLEE CLUB REPORT

The Glee Club under the direction of Miss Hewson has had a very busy and interesting year.

The Christmas Pageant was presented on December the 9th. Members of the club represented "mummers" of days gone by, some acting in pantomime while others sang the story. The club enjoyed this project and students and Staff were most appreciative.

As this goes to press we are busy preparing several new numbers which we hope to present before the end of term.

The Glee Club wishes to express its sincere appreciation to Miss Hewson.

ALEX PALK, VI B.

## HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE REPORT

The Household Science laboratory has, as always, been put to good use this year, and many beautiful things have been made there. The usual pyjamas, dressing-gowns, babies' clothes, aprons, and small embroidered articles were made for the Red Cross as well as an exceptional number of skirts, blouses, dresses and shorts. During our convalescence in October we knitted a large number of articles.

Cooking has not played as important a part in our work this year, though of course some time was spent on it by all the Forms taking Household Science. The special Household Science students prepared one meal each week during the Winter Term. Miss Gillard and various members of the Staff were the guests.

All in all the Household Science laboratory has given much enjoyment to many girls, and we wish to thank Mademoiselle Dostie for her continual guidance and help.

ANN TAYLOR, VI A.

## ART REPORT

This year the students in the general art courses have had fun experimenting. Some have tried mosaic work, others have done clay modelling or have made baskets with popsical sticks, while a few have begun leather crafts. Many, of course, have expressed their feelings in various kinds of sketches and paintings.

In addition to the regular art work, Miss Dexter has helped the girls with murals and with scenery for the various plays which have been put on throughout the year. The VI A's should be congratulated on their decorations for the annual dance. The theme was "The Hanging Gardens"—suggested by exotic tropical plant life. The class worked hard making really beautiful artificial flowers, and I know that everyone enjoyed the dance more because of the decorations.

When the school Magazine committee was organized, posters of all sizes, shapes, and colours appeared along the halls to help arouse interest and stimulate contributions. Special mention should be made of Gale Davis, Cynthia Hutchins, Susan Gordon, and Jamie Troop for their posters.

While all these experiments and practical projects were taking place, the special art classes were working steadily at perfecting their watercolour drawings, while some even tackled landscapes and portraits in oils.

Some of the seniors have also learned, with much enthusiasm, to recognize and appreciate the great artists such as Gogin, Van Gogh, Diego Rivera, Picasso, and also two of our outstanding Canadians—Tom Thompson and Charles Comfort.

We should all like to thank Miss Dexter for her valuable advice and constant patience, and for working so hard to give us a variety of things to do. There has not been a dull moment in the Art Room.

DAPHNE DUNCANSON, VI A.

1. Imaginative painting water color.  
Gale Davis, VI A.
2. Still life—Pen and wash.  
Sue Hanson, VI A.
3. Tropical Theme—Water color.  
Ann Wainwright, V A.
4. Figure study in pencil.  
Cynthia Hutchins, Matric.
5. Study of gulls—Chalk.  
Joan Howard, VI B.





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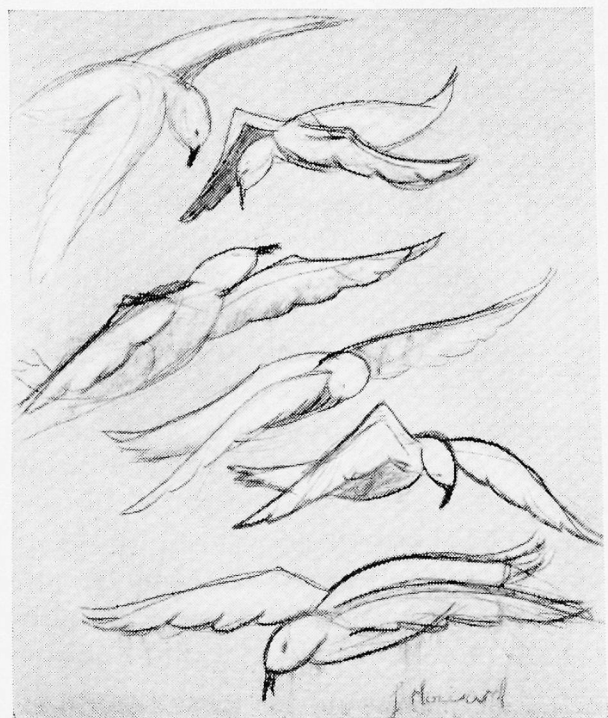
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## THE CHOIR REPORT

This year the choir consisted of twenty-five members under the direction of Miss A. Macdonald. Besides training us for the regular Sunday morning services, Miss Macdonald led our outdoor carol-singing in the early dawn of December 7th, and at the Carol service of December 8th, where we sang "Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming," "The Little Road to Bethlehem," and "Hark! How the Bells."

We are anticipating a trip to Montreal sometime in the spring to take part in a service of the Royal School of Church Music, with which we are affiliated. This service will be held at Trinity Memorial Church.

The Choir wish to thank Miss Macdonald for all the time she has given us, and the patience she has shown to us throughout the year.

JUDITH BIGNELL, VI A.

## Form Reports

### The Matric Class of '58

#### SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

As this June brings to an end the somewhat checkered career of Compton's class of St. Trinians, we have inquired around the group gathered in shay-noo as to what each planned to do when pushed out upon the unsuspecting world. Answers were mostly vague but we have amassed the scraps as best as we could—

Jo, our erstwhile Head Girl, is spending the summer on a tour of Europe. If reports on the European male are well founded we hope that she has mastered that blush.

Tadoussac is bemoaning the loss of its social spark as Al embarks on the first lap of a trip which will take in most of northern Europe. Next year? Higher mathematics at McGill, no doubt!

The notorious Halifax twins, Heather and Wendy Maclaren will be switching their interests from horses to redmen starting this September.

Rumour hath is that Honore is giving her next year's address as Paris, France—but nothing definite as yet.

Sue will enter the Royal Victoria Hospital in February after a gay social season in Montreal and Toronto. She's going to be a wealthy girl on the day she receives that R.N. if she's kept track of all those bets.

Open house is being held for Adie on her departure for Europe. We all feel for the Swiss should she learn to speak French fluently.

Sandy begins her course of psychology at George Washington College this September—beware all able-bodied seamen!

As this column goes to press Bev and Mitch are still dithering between a winter in the Alps or in the Laurentians—the betting stands pretty well fifty-fifty.

Lib has made up her mind to join the girls at 555 on Sherbrooke Street and will be an asset to the Alma Mater in all athletic fields.

Anyone out Hudson way look up Arch who's assisting the assistant lifeguard at the Yacht Club. There must be an added attraction to make her trade the Florida sun for Quebec sun and we're rather dubious as to how much lifeguarding she'll get in.

McGill track team, spread the welcome mat! Gill's planning to join the ranks after a summer of running around California and Quebec.

This fall will see Elise installed as interpreter at the U.S. embassy in Bogota, Colombia. We'll be looking forward to hearing how her ring collection is progressing.

It seems there is going to be somewhat of a Compton reunion in Switzerland this coming year—with Bails, in Lausanne, (maybe those invigorating Alpine mornings will be able to succeed where Mr.



Burt's coffee has continually failed); Mary Jane flying U.N.B. colours at Neuchâtel where Dow will have her base of operations for a campaign to introduce American social graces to the unsuspecting Swiss. Somewhere in the heights of the Alps, Ann Sise will be putting those hickory boards to good use.

McFet and Biz, having roamed the cow pastures of Compton for the last few years, should feel right at home when they step through the portals of MacDonald College next September.

Cinnie and Di, having finally made up their minds, will sail in early September,—destination—Florence, Italy, where they will spend a year broadening their education in all respects.

Heather (I'm emerging) Dewar and Cathy (let's rebel) Harvie will check in at R.V.C. this autumn—M. Duplessis beware!

Perhaps the most confused gal among us is Bee, who really doesn't know whether she wants to be presented at court or at St. Andrews.

For Miss Morris we wish many victories in her crusade against the fiendish minds of future K.H.C. Matrics, for according to the law of averages it should be a good many years before a Form of little rebels such as ours turns up.

Thus the Matrics of '58 leave Compton, most with pleasant prospects ahead, some with only hazy plans, but all with one thing in common—memories!

## VI A FORM REPORT

### CAN YOU IMAGINE

Elaine Audet.....without crinolines  
 Judy Bignell.....wasting time  
 Heather Black.....without a novel  
 Lyn Carter.....ringing the rising bell  
 Rosemary Christensen.....without North Hatley  
 Joan Cordeau.....not blushing  
 Gale Davis.....not on a campaign  
 Daphne Duncanson....dead!  
 Nancy Glass.....without a page-boy.  
 Helen Gibb-Carsley....without her Bermuda kilt  
 Sue Hanson.....without Dick  
 Sue Harshaw.....being ignorant about fishing  
 Judy Hingston.....a second Einstein  
 Di Hornig.....without blonde hair!  
 Cindy Lyman.....rooting for Hamilton  
 Dixi Lambert.....not curling someone's hair  
 Shirley Morris.....not making a team  
 Barb Murray.....hating basketball  
 Lorna Murray.....without those big brown eyes

Jennifer Parsons.....with a 40 waistline  
 Bonnie Penhale.....being heard in class  
 Ruth Peverley.....in the Olympics  
 Judy Pinkerton.....without the radio  
 Liz Price.....without her poodles  
 Kate Reed.....liking a B.C.S. boy  
 Bev Shannon.....with thin, straight hair  
 Ann Taylor.....the quiet type  
 Janet Taylor.....without a sock heel to turn  
 Penny Throsby.....without the latest styles  
 Jamie Troop.....disliking England  
 Mary Warren.....without a T.C.S. sweater  
 Wendy Whitehead....without C.M.R.  
 Joan Wright.....not snoring  
 Pam Wright.....sticking to a diet  
 Miss Keith.....without Cindy  
 VI A.....without Miss Keith—Three Cheers for our Wonderful Form Mistress!



## CAN YOU FIND YOURSELF AT THE HIVE WITH THE VI B'S

### (As told by one B to t'other)

It was a bonny night as Howard and I walked through the woods. Glancing back at the house it appeared starke amid the many bryers (sans "r"). The air was refreshing as we waited for Watson to pick us up in the Morris. My hand longed to touch the flowers growing on our right, thanks to Stewart the gardener.

Lights were blazing; "the Hive" was simmersing! We passed a table covered with Gordon's dry and De Kuyper Gingerale and McLean's sherry at which sat a new man, Mr. Scott, with Margot and Rozalind, who were begging him to speak at their next meeting on Charlotte—his marvellous budgy bird.

Marylin was as usual making eyes at Teddy, who in turn was a bright cherry red!

After a delicious seafood entrée of salmon and shrimp the lights dimmed.

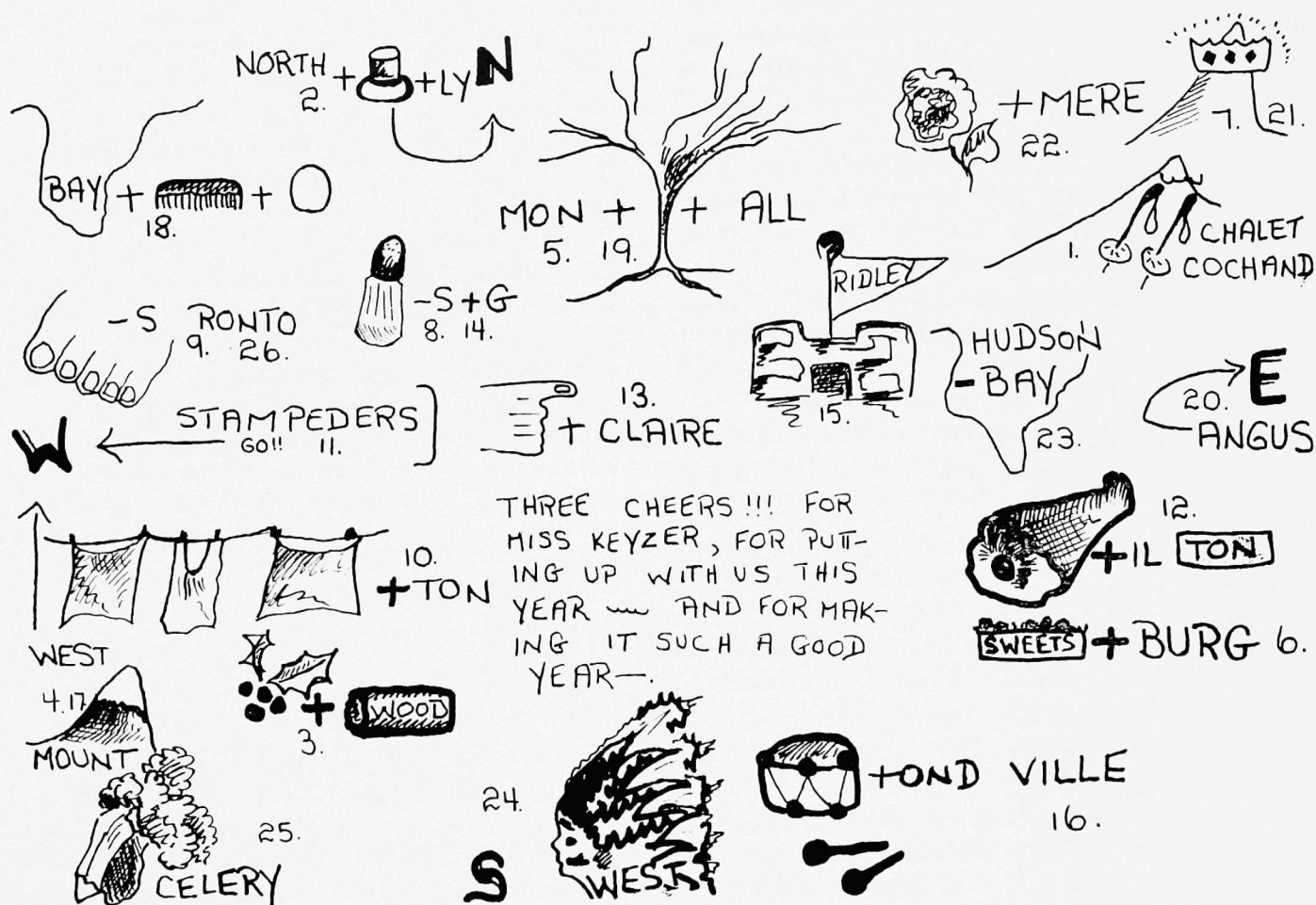
The first act was J. Corry singing "Caridi the Back my Old Patton shoes," and "My Cyn."

Suddenly the Queen of the hive—Miss Ramsay—introducing "The Hocky Pocky" for the first time on stage.

All in all it was quite an evening.



## V A FORM REPORT



(Key on page 51)

## V B FORM REPORT

This year V B consists of sixteen girls: they are Diane Bignell, Susan Brainerd, Rosita Caridi, Nicola Druce, Shireen Finch, Jennifer Giles, Diana Glass, Anne Harrison, Hope Haslam, Anne MacDonald, Sandra Ponder, Cathy Stewart, Sherry Taylor, Marion Thompson, Dougie Trudeau and Martha White.

We had three Form captains: Cathy Stewart, Sherry Taylor and Di. Glas. Our three Sports Captains were Rosita Caridi, Di Bignell and Cathy Stewart.

In the Christmas term with the help of the IV A's

and IV B's, we put on a play called "The Bird's Christmas Carol." On account of 'flu we did not have many sports.

In the second term there was a lot of skiing, both here and at Hillcrest. On February 14th, we had a Valentine Party. During this term we had several plays and concerts and went to three at Bishop's. These were very much enjoyed. As usual, we all made things to donate to the Red Cross.

We should like to thank our Form Mistress, Mrs. Elliott, for making this a most enjoyable year and for everything she has done for us.

Thank you, Mrs. Elliott,

SHERRY TAYLOR, V B.

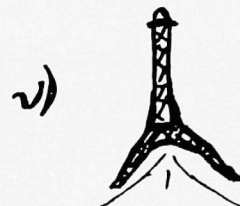
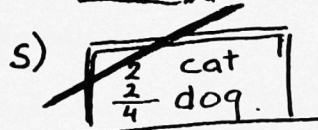
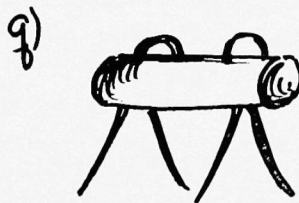
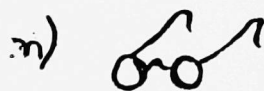
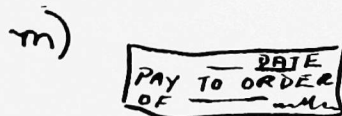
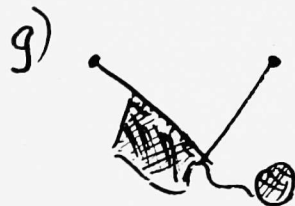
## DO YOU KNOW YOUR STAFF?

Match the numbers and letters together.

(key on page 51)

1. "Is everything crystal?"
2. "I say there, — — — —"
3. "And what's the situation in here?" (room checking)
4. "Speaking of miracles, at Dunkirk — — —"
5. "Now where were we?"
6. P.L.O. — P.M.P.
7. "Well, it has its possibilities."
8. "This problem will separate the men from the boys."
9. "Let's not split hairs."
10. "Hot compresses and gargle!"

11. "C.C.L." (Couldn't Care Less)
12. "Don't be so fussy,—we've only got Prodent!"
13. "Oh dear, — the classes seem so short!"
14. "Ramassez tout ce qu'il y a par terre!"
15. "Stop talking now!"
16. "Minus five, look at the back of your oxfords!"
17. "Won't any of you help me burn leaves?"
18. "Egad! Can't you sing louder than that?"
19. "Watch your landing!"
20. "Don't hold your compass by the pencil!"
21. "Of course you won't have this 'till third year college but —"
22. "Take your measurements before you start cutting!"
23. "But you sang alto last year!"



### MACDONALD HOUSE REPORT

TIME: Sunday afternoon after dinner.

PLACE: Matric Form Room.

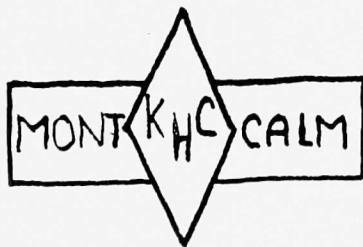
OCCUPATION: The MACDONALD House meeting.

MINUTES: You could say that "Play the Game" is our motto, for we do play the game—win or lose! The enthusiastic approach to all we attempt is a constant reminder of your loyalty and support. Even those who find the "path of virtue" trying, have succeeded.

COMMENTS: We feel and know that this year has been a success and another step forward in the golden glory of MacDonald. We couldn't be prouder!

NEW BUSINESS: To the Prefects of the future, the best of luck! Don't forget that it is "one for all and all for one" that will be your key to future successes. Keep striving and we know you will attain whatever goal you set your hearts on.

Di and Mary Jane.



### RIDEAU HOUSE REPORT

"We, we have chosen our path—  
Path to a clear-purposed goal,  
Path of advance!—"

Matthew Arnold.

The relay race of many years ago began with a bang. Rideau, we are proud to say, has kept its banners high through all phases. There were times when the going was difficult, but even the laggards got to their feet and ran their part of the race. We know how hard it is but with the spirit and enthusiasm that you all possess so much of, you cannot but keep fighting to the very last.

This is a race we shall never forget, and to your future Captains we pass on the navy blue baton—you will be proud to have it

Cinny and Jane.



### MONTCALM HOUSE REPORT

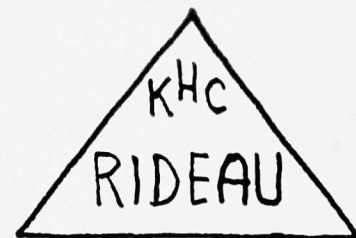
Dear Montcalmites,

Another year has gone by and it is time to say goodbye once again. On looking back we find a wonderful year full of the memories you have given us. Do you remember the swimming meet, House games, meetings and —? Oh yes! there were the ordermarks, crocwalks, and sharp threats too! However, every road has its stretches of rocks and blistering stones, but one remembers only the happiest times in life.

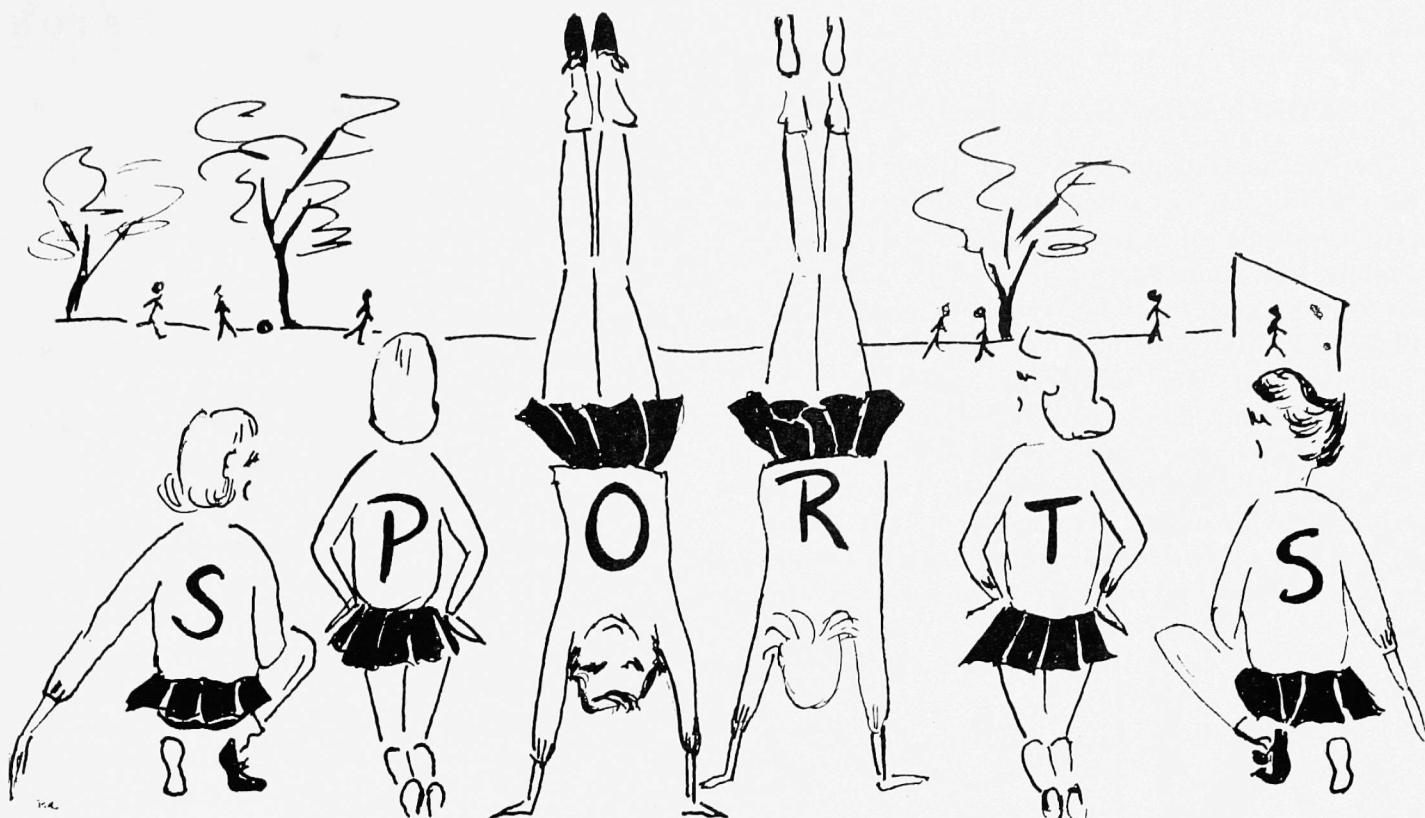
We want you to know how proud we are of your undaunted efforts and determined spirit, which we feel have been constantly with us.

To the Prefects of the years to come, and especially to those of next year, whoever you are, we pass on to you the sky-blue flag. May you always keep it flying high above the crowd. Be proud of your House in the future and give it all you have. Our very best luck to you all.

Gill and Lib.







### SPORTS CAPTAINS' REPORT

Throughout the seasons the girls have all shown enthusiasm for sports; on their behalf we wish to thank Miss Keyzer and Miss Ticehurst for their constant interest and their assistance on the field and in the gym.

Unfortunately we were not able to do very much in the soccer field on account of the Asian 'flu, which forced us to cancel our game with the B.C.S. Prep School and with the McGill girls' team. However, all was in favour of the skiing and skating during the winter. Many trips to Hillcrest gave everybody a chance to improve in skiing, while the village rink provided much enjoyment for all. Just before school closed for Easter keen competition was displayed in an inter-House swimming meet, in which MacDonald was victorious. As the Magazine goes to press the badminton tournaments are being completed and the tennis is starting, but as yet there are no winners to announce.

We have enjoyed being your Sport's Captains at all times, and we hope that the keen competitive spirit and good sportsmanship displayed this year will always be a part of King's Hall sports.

Anne Dowie and Beverley Rooney.

### THE BASKETBALL REPORT

This year Miss Keyzer whipped up Senior and Junior basketball teams in a mere week. This was just in time for our annual game with Stanstead, which proved very successful. The competition was stiff and the games exciting. The scores, especially in the Senior game, were exceptionally close. We hope to be able to play Stanstead a return game before the season closes.

The inter-House and inter-Form basketball has been enjoyed once more this year. It was pleasing to see the enthusiasm displayed by all teams.

On behalf of the school I should like to thank all members of the teams for their spirit and their team-work, and also Miss Keyzer, who made all this possible.

JANE MITCHELL, Matric.

### SOCCER REPORT

This year as usual we enjoyed a good soccer season. But unfortunately just as the teams were about to be chosen "The Flu," hit Compton. Thus ended the soccer season. However, we had enjoyed some good inter-Form and House games.

Thanks to Miss Ticehurst and Miss Keyzer for making this possible.

We all hope that next year we shall be able to get more soccer.

SHIRLEY MORRIS, VI A.

## SKIING AND SKATING REPORT

The skating differed this year from all other years, as we were not able to skate on the pond. It had been deepened during the summer and unfortunately this made skating impossible. Nevertheless we were very lucky to be able to skate on the village rink. Many thanks go to Miss Dostie, Miss Ticehurst, and Mrs. Welter for taking us there nearly every day. Because there was a lot of snow, each Form managed to go to Hillcrest about once a week where the skiing was excellent. Other skiing events included many afternoons on the school hill and one or two cross-country expeditions. On the whole, winter sports have been a success this year.

BONNIE PENHALE, VI A.



## BADMINTON REPORT

"Love—five—two—seven—game!" Those are the eager cries of badminton players. All term there has been keen competition among the competitors—each striving to play a bit better than the other. Soon the tournaments will be all played off and someone will have the well-earned title "champ." Despite the fact that not everyone can win, the enthusiasm and good sportsmanship has been outstanding in all!

JOAN CORRY, VI B.



## TENNIS REPORT

This year, tennis has played an important role as always in the summer term. When we came back everyone was eager to play but on account of snow and rain tennis did not start till the following week.

As soon as the sunny days began no one had to be pushed out—all made a beeline for the courts! Games were planned for weeks ahead and often the day began with a few rallies before breakfast.

Towards the beginning of May the Junior and Senior Doubles and Singles had begun. Unfortunately this report must be in the magazine before the tournaments are finished. (Good luck to all those who participate.)

May next year be as successful in tennis as this year has been.

JUDY HINGSTON, VI A.

## SWIMMING REPORT

The familiar voice of Miss Ticehurst is heard in the dining-room, "May I please have all the swimming lists for this afternoon from each Form?"

The pool has been in use a great many afternoons and evenings this year, under the supervision of Miss Ticehurst and Miss Keyzer. Besides ordinary swimming and diving many girls have been working hard on their Bronze Medallion and Silver awards. Under Miss Ticehurst's eye they have practised respiration and lengths.

An excellently planned swimming-meet took place at the end of the winter term. Miss Ticehurst and Miss Keyzer were the judges. The various events included all kinds of relay races, novelty races and synchronized swimming. The "Meet" was a huge success, the competitive spirit was good, and the on-lookers were especially enthusiastic. All points counted on the House sport scores.

Many thanks to Miss Ticehurst, Miss Keyzer and the two Sport's Captains, Beverley Rooney and Anne Dowie for a most successful season.

DAPHNE DUNCANSON, VI A.



STYLES ARE GETTING SHORTER EVERY YEAR

# Literary





### THE BLUE BONNET

This is the peculiar story of a family named Murphy, or rather of a plain blue cotton bonnet that played an important role in the lives of the Murphy family and its descendants. To begin my tale, I must go back about one hundred years to a little town in Eire. This was the birthplace of Shawn and Sarah Murphy, their son Kelly, their daughter Peggy and Sarah's blue bonnet.

One June day in 1858, the Murphy cottage was in an uproar. Boxes containing the family's meagre wardrobes, scanty sticks of furniture and various treasured objects, were piled in a disorderly manner throughout the three tiny rooms. Sergeant-Major Sarah stood in the middle of the cluttered kitchen giving orders to her children—Kelly, a ruddy Irish lad of fifteen and Peggy, a small dark colleen of seventeen. Her husband Shawn was having the last mug of beer with his cronies in the town pub.

"Kelly, mind ye wrap that picture of Uncle Kelly well. 'Tis a favourite of moine."

"Peggy child, what are you doing with my copper frypan? Put it in with the blankets, not with the china! Ah me, I'm thinking we'll niver get to Canada at the rate your're going."

Sarah sighed as she surveyed the chaos before her. She was a wiry woman with a traditional Irish temper, a nimble wit, and a deep-rooted suspicion of all foreigners—especially the English.

Deep in black gloom she thought to herself, "Tis an English ship we're going on. With all those foreigners we'll be lucky if we get to Canada alive. They'll rob us to the bare bone and there'll be no leprechauns on an English ship to guard the Murphys' secret. I must hide it. I must hide—" Suddenly her eyes lit up. She had the answer to her problem. All would be well now.

Two days later, the Murphy family stood on board the English ship "The Victory" and gazed with tears in their eyes at the receding green shoreline of Ireland. As Sarah tightened the strings on her new blue bonnet, the one she had made the night before, she asked the Lord for help in the new life ahead of them.

Twenty-three years later, the raging wind whirled the driving snow into great drifts about the tiny log cabin in central New Brunswick. Inside a woman lay dying. After years of labour on her beloved little farm, Sarah Murphy was giving up the ghost. Around the rough wooden bed sat her son Kelly and his wife, her daughter Peggy and her husband, Dennis O'Day.

For the last time Sarah spoke to her children.

"Kelly, look after this farm which your father and I loved so well."

"Peggy, my girl, I want you to have this, for it will be a help in time of great trouble. If you do not use it you must give it to your daughter when you die."

From underneath the patchwork quilt she took the old blue bonnet, the one that had made the journey from Eire to Canada so long ago.

With a last "God keep you, my children," Sarah Murphy closed her eyes and peacefully breathed her last breath.

For years afterwards in the O'Day household the blue bonnet was the subject of many a joke. When questioned why she kept it, Peggy would shake her head and reply, "I really don't know why I keep the old thing. Maybe because Ma was a wise woman and she never did anything without a good reason, although I don't see her reason why a blue bonnet can be a help in time of trouble— Anyway, it gives a feeling of Ma's presence. She never took her precious blue bonnet off that I can remember."

The years crept by one by one. Peggy's only daughter Dympna married Shaymus Bailey and moved to Montreal and Dennis O'Day, Peggy's husband, died in a terrible 'flu epidemic and then years later it was Peggy's turn to meet her Maker. As she lay looking fondly at Dympna who had come up from Montreal to her bedside, she smiled. She had been lucky in her life to have had a fine husband and a lovely daughter. She forced the bitter sweet memories of her past back as she spoke to her daughter.

"Dympna dear, here is your grandmother's old blue bonnet. You know the story of it for I told it to you many times when you were a child. Maybe the bonnet will be a help in time of trouble to you, my child. Goodbye for now and God keep you and your family well."

She sighed softly and the lace curtains at the window rustled ever so gently as her soul flew up into the blue heaven.

Years later, a hot July day in 1958 to be exact, Dympna Bailey stood numbly staring out of her bedroom window, her body rigid from the pressure of withheld tears. Just one hour ago she had learned that her son had a critical spinal disease and he needed an operation immediately. The doctor who performed this special operation lived in Switzerland. He would do the operation if Lerry could come to him—but Lerry couldn't go to him. There was no money for the trip—no money to save her

son Lerry—her youngest son who was going to college next year. No money—no money. Sarah's anguished eyes fell on the old blue bonnet, lying on the bureau. She snatched it up and hurled it across the room with the cry of, "If you're a help in time of trouble, help me, help my boy." The old blue bonnet landed on the protruding nail of a rickety bookcase that Lerry had made for Dympna two years before. The flimsy lining ripped as the tattered garment fell to the floor. Sarah stared in amazement as she saw a yellowed envelope protruding from the rent. She picked it up and with trembling fingers broke the seal. Dumbly she stared at the packet of pound notes that fell from the envelope into her ashen hands. There must be enough there for a trip to Switzerland and back.

With eyes brimming over with tears of joy, she read the accompanying letter dated June 12th, 1858, Bray, Ireland. It read:—

Tomorrow we Murphys of Bray sail for Canada—that great land of opportunity. I pray to God that my family will find their opportunity and make good use of it.

Four years ago, my dear Uncle Patrick left me an inheritance. I have never told my husband Shawn about this money as he would be most likely to spend it on worthless things, for although he is a good man, he does not know how to handle money. I wanted to be able to leave something to you, Peggy, for my son Kelly will inherit our new farm.

However, I have many fears about the voyage across the sea—I do not trust the English. Thus I have taken the precaution of hiding this money in my blue bonnet—the one that I have just finished making.

If our life in Canada goes well, I will not need to spend this money and at my death will be able to give the blue bonnet intact, and as you are a clever girl, Peggy, I trust you will understand my words "a help in time of trouble" for I feel in my heart that Old Uncle Patrick's inheritance will be a true help.

I must close now for dawn is breaking and I must prepare my family for the voyage. May my wish come true and may the Murphy family find their opportunity.

Your loving Mother,  
Sarah Murphy."

As Dympna slowly folded the old letter, she thanked her Grandmother because her blue bonnet had been a true help in the time of trouble.

HEATHER DEWAR, Matric.

## FISHING IN THE EARLY MORNING

The sun was just beginning to peek over the mountains and start another day. What a beautiful view from the log cabin in the clearing. Through the large bay window one could look out across the lake, already glistening in the sun, and see the majestic mountains riding high on the horizon. The lake was bordered with tall birch trees, broken only by an occasional clearing made by animals on their way to and from the water.

The crisp morning air was suddenly broken by a shrill whistle. Skipping down the path leading from the log cabin a young lad of about eight headed for the boat-house. He was clad in blue-jeans rolled up to the knees and had a fishing rod slung over one shoulder while he was swinging a pail of worms in the other hand. Through the doorway he pushed the little boat, which soon glided along over the shimmering surface of the water, the quiet dipping of the oars sending ripples out around it. The boat and its proud captain disappeared around a narrow head which jutted out of the unbroken shore line, and then anchored in the shallow water.

The freckled little fellow sat dangling his feet over the bow of the boat, the willow branch held high. All was still except for the peaceful noise of birds and animals awakening in the morning air. The rat-a-tat-tat of a woodpecker already busy echoed through the little valley. The songs and chirpings of sparrows and the cawing of crows combined with the snapping of twigs and rustling of branches to make the little fisherman aware that nature had awakened.

Suddenly there was a splash and a spray of water as a silver tail flipped above the surface of the water. The little boy gave a shout, pulled his feet inside the boat and prepared himself for the big catch. All was quiet again and it seemed as though the fish had gone, but slowly there was a gentle tugging on the line; then a splash and a hard pull. The little boy balanced himself on the side of the boat and held fast. Through the clear water he could see his breakfast, and he wasn't going to let it get away. The struggle between the fish and the boy lasted for about twenty minutes; each was as reluctant as the other to give in. Mustering his remaining strength the youngster propped the rod and pulled in the line slowly and with difficulty lifted the flipping, splashing, glimmering perch high out of the water. Removing it from the line the boy sat down, now quite content, and rowed homeward. Once more all was calm in the quiet morning air.

PAT McFETRICK, Matric.

## THE HOUSE WITH AN ECHO

Smuggling is a profitable business. Lorne, Dave, and Doug knew; they were smugglers. It was easy to go undetected in the small Scottish village of Loch Laren where they lived, and business thrived. The routine was to go out in their small gaff-rigged fishing schooner every second Wednesday and every third Saturday and meet a boat laden with brandy from France. The three smugglers were very different from one another. Lorne was the boss and brains of the outfit, a calm young man with a sarcastic tongue. Dave was an impetuous lad of nineteen—happy-go-lucky and with a sense of humour. Taciturn Doug was a dour Scot who was hard-working and knew the sea. They might have smuggled for years and remained unnoticed if it had not been for Schmiff.

Schmiff's real name was Prudence MacDougall. She had come to live with her grandmother in Loch Laren after the death of her parents. Schmiff was a pretty girl of seventeen, with an effervescent and adventurous nature. When three of the handsomest men of the village failed to turn up every third Saturday for the dance held weekly at the Town Hall, she suspected, with her lively imagination, that more was going on than met the eye. Those three were too smart to be spending their lives in a forsaken village fishing! After Schmiff had figured this out and thought about it for quite a bit, she went to the police the next time she was in town and told them that there was probably smuggling or other illegal traffic going on in Loch Laren. The chief-of-police laughed at what he considered a young girl's lively imagination and told her he would need proof. This angered Schmiff, and with a toss of her pretty head she promised the policeman that she would bring a sample of the goods. Now her problem was how to get it.

Schmiff went around the house for a few days with a concentrated air and finally told her grandmother about her suspicions and her trip to the police station. Mrs. MacDougall was an imaginative old lady, and lapped up her granddaughter's story. She snapped her fingers when Schmiff finished speaking and laughed softly.

"The house with an echo!" she exclaimed.

Schmiff listened wide-eyed as the old lady told of her childhood when she and her friends used to play in an ancient house above the only part of the coast where it was feasible to land a boat. When they were youngsters they had discovered that if you screamed in the basement the sound

was heard all the way down the rocky cliff, but they had never been able to find the secret tunnel.

"Wouldn't Lorne, Dave, or Doug know about this?" asked Schmiff excitedly.

"I don't think so," answered her grandmother, equally excited. "Anyway it would be worth a try to call down to them from the basement!"

"But what on earth could I yell that would force them to leave their loot and run?" questioned Schmiff.

"If you were doing something wrong and then a voice from nowhere told you to bury your stolen goods in the sand, wouldn't you obey?" asked Mrs. MacDougall, a bit exasperated.

Her head reeling with many directions and instructions, Schmiff set off. She easily found the overgrown path her grandmother had spoken of, and started the long trek uphill. When she finally reached the top there was no ancient house, and she felt momentary panic. Then she realized that the large grass-covered mound she had thought part of the hill was the ruins of the building. As she clambered over the top of it, her foot went through the rotten floor. She managed to pry loose a few more boards until finally there was a hole large enough for her to drop through to the basement. Then began the long wait. Every ten minutes she would crawl to the edge of the cliff and peer over, scrutinizing the murky depths below. Finally the lights of the schooner appeared in the darkness. When they stopped moving, Schmiff realized that the boat must be beached already. The girl leaped up, and stumbling ran to the hole and let herself down. As she landed she twisted her ankle slightly, but did not even notice this at the time. Making a megaphone with her hands she shouted as loudly as she could.

"Lorne, Lorne, don't you know you're doing wrong?" rang out three times. "Dave! Listen, Dave, you're too young to go to prison," echoed down the beach.

The superstitious Doug was terrified when his name was shouted.

"Doug, the kelpies will punish your misuse of the sea."

"Bury your loot; your houses will be searched to-night," was the final message Schmiff repeated over and over.

She would have enjoyed watching the ensuing scene. Lorne yelled at the other two not to be fools, but to continue as usual. Doug stumbled and fell with a large case of brandy. Dave stood open-mouthed and let go of the schooner's painter. She was instantly swept away by the undertow



and only Lorne's quick moving saved her. As Lorne waded back, painter in hand, Doug and Dave were already digging in the sand. Lorne's furious swearing and sharp orders to be sensible were unheeded, and finally he helped them finish burying the brandy, uttering oaths under his breath.

Schmiff missed all this as she climbed awkwardly out of the basement and made her way down the hill. By the time she cautiously sneaked onto the beach the men were gone. With relief she noted the freshly dug-up sand, which told her that everything had gone as planned.

It was a triumphant day for Schmiff when she waved a brandy bottle in front of the eyes of the chief-of-police. Smiling, he took it, but his expression quickly changed to amazement when he noted the absence of the custom's stamp. He made arrangements to be present the next time the smugglers went out.

But who can calculate women? Schmiff warned her friends and they escaped.

WENDY MACLAREN, Matric.

### HATS

Have you ever known a man who actually admired women's hats? Occasionally a man likes to see his wife and daughters in new hats—BUT—some of the extremes to which women go!

Practically every time a woman makes a trip to town she returns with a new hat. When the husband finally gets around to asking the price of this latest hat, the question is usually avoided by "You know, I had to go to about ten different stores before I could find what I really wanted."

I wonder how many hours in a year or in your lifetime you spend in front of a mirror in a millinery shop trying to decide which hat adds the most character to your face, goes best with your new suit or your blue party dress? Maybe you have a guilty twinge of conscience about buying too many hats. Then you will probably wonder how husband George is going to like the idea of another thirty-dollar creation for your head instead of the new machine he wanted for his tool shop. Well, being of the feminine sex and loving hats, naturally you will not long be deterred by the thought of expense. You buy the hat and forget about George and his machine.

A man can always tell when his wife has bought a new hat. As she is coming up the sidewalk he sees that too-familiar round box dangling from the handle which she is clutching with great pride.

Secondly, that satisfied smile spread across her face means only one thing.

Women all over the world and in all ages have loved hats, as you realize when you think of all the sizes, shapes and colours in which these head adornments have been found. Perhaps the largest and most fantastic hat styles appeared in the middle ages and in the eighteenth century. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries hats got bigger and taller until the sugar-loaf crown was reached—an enormously high peak with a veil floating from the tip of the cone. The eighteenth century head-dressing was even more ponderous and elaborate. The hair was combed high on the head, and was completed with two or three rows of curls. Silk ribbons, feathers or flowers were woven through the hair. On top of all this might be placed a basket of apples or flowers, or even a miniature frigate with all sails set. Sometimes these head-pieces were so high and heavy that the lady's chin was half-way between her toes and her coiffure! When travelling, she would have to kneel on the carriage floor to make room for her head. This hair-dressing, as you can imagine, was very expensive. Wealthy women could afford to have their hair arranged once a week, but the less wealthy only about once a month. Each lady had a stick, commonly known as a scratching-stick. Hair-washing was not as popular as it is to-day at King's Hall. Slightly earlier in the eighteenth century a mob-cap was worn underneath a straw bonnet. This had a detachable green eyeshade stiffened with wire. At another period calashes were worn outdoors as a protection for the bonnet. The calash was made of whale-bone and silk, and stood out from the woman's head a little in the style of to-day's space helmet, if that were draped in silk.

You may think that only civilized women of fashion wear fantastic hats. Not at all. The Siamese hill women wear a hat about a foot high and over a foot broad. It resembles a small stage and is decorated with an assortment of ribbons and jewels. I am curious to know how they balance such heavy hats, but I am even more curious to know why they want to wear them.

From all this evidence of the power of hats to cast a spell over women, I think the majority of you will agree with me that as long as hats are manufactured women will buy "just **one** more," and men will never understand why.

PENELOPE THROSBY, VI A.

(Speech made at VI A  
Public Speaking Competition)

## OUT OF THE NIGHT

"Ah, it's a cold night," puffed Mr. Brone, blowing into his cupped hands and stamping the snow from his feet. "A miserable night! Not even a dog should be out in this weather in those alley-ways!"

He moved his large frame into the circle of warmth given off by the fire, and relaxed in his comfy chair.

"Peggy, put on another log or two, 'tis no night to be stingy," he teased his maid. "When you have brought me my paper you may go home, but mind you wrap up warmly—brr-rrr!"

Peggy smiled fondly at him, brought his paper and was soon wrapped up and gone into the night to her waiting family.

The wind whistled shrilly round the house, searching for an entrance, and finding the chimney, swept down it sending icy draughts throughout the house; then it died down. The deadening silence was broken only by the clock's movements, gently ticking away the seconds of time. A single log crackled, sending sparks into the grate and onto the hearth, which lived for a second and then were dead. The only other sound was the low regular breathing of the solitary figure in the leather chair. Mr. Brone put another log on the fire, lit his pipe, and while the fire was reflected on his shiny comfortable face as he gazed into its flickering light, his mind reached into the abyss of the past, bringing pictures, broken and scattered, of his early life which years of solitude had nearly effaced from memory.

"Many a night has gone by since I have sat here wishing for a someone to fill that empty space—just any someone." He glanced longingly at the vacant chair opposite his own. "Ah well, you are a silly old fool.—just be thankful for what you have, a fire and a home."

He angrily stopped his wishful thinking and took out his yellow-paged, leather-bound book and commenced to read.

The light squeezed through the cracks of the shutters and sent welcoming beams of warmth out into the dark cold night, to the narrow nineteenth-century street through which so often moved the shadowy forms of homeless beggars. The faintest wisp of such a shadow flicked across that path of light and put a timid hand to the prominent brass knocker. It was only the slightest scratch on the door against the malicious howl of such a wind, but maybe this time its plea would be answered? Not a sound from within! The tiny figure stumbled

away. But wait, the door opened slowly and an immense frame filled the space.

"Come here! What is it you want?" called a voice into the darkness.

The bedraggled figure stopped. The kindly comfort in the voice seemed to have a strange magnetism and the figure was forced to return.

Mr. Brone looked intently at the impoverished child standing before him in the light, a little boy with large dark, frightened eyes, thin and bony, whose gaunt cheeks were blue from the cold, and whose whole appearance bespoke wretched neglect and need of care.

"What are you out for on such a night, and so thinly clad too?" he questioned wonderingly. "Come, come to the fire; warm your poor little self, then tell me 'bout yourself," and he tottered to the kitchen, returning with some hot gruel, while the child hesitantly seated himself on the rug.

"I-I'll jest take a bite an' be gone, sir—won't put you t'any trouble. No sir, j-jest a bite!" The boy hungrily gulped down the hot soup, handed back the bowl and mid stammering, "thank you's" began to make for the door.

"Wait," said Mr. Brone, "you cannot go in this weather. You must stay the night—that is if your mother and father—?" Then the thought occurred to him. "Well, anyway stay the night. To-morrow is another day."

He fixed up the empty chair with a couple of blankets while the child watched, his eyes lighting up for the first time with thankful gratitude. That warm spark from the child's eyes touched a certain inner something of Mr. Brone's old heart and a flood of warmth dimmed his aging eyes.

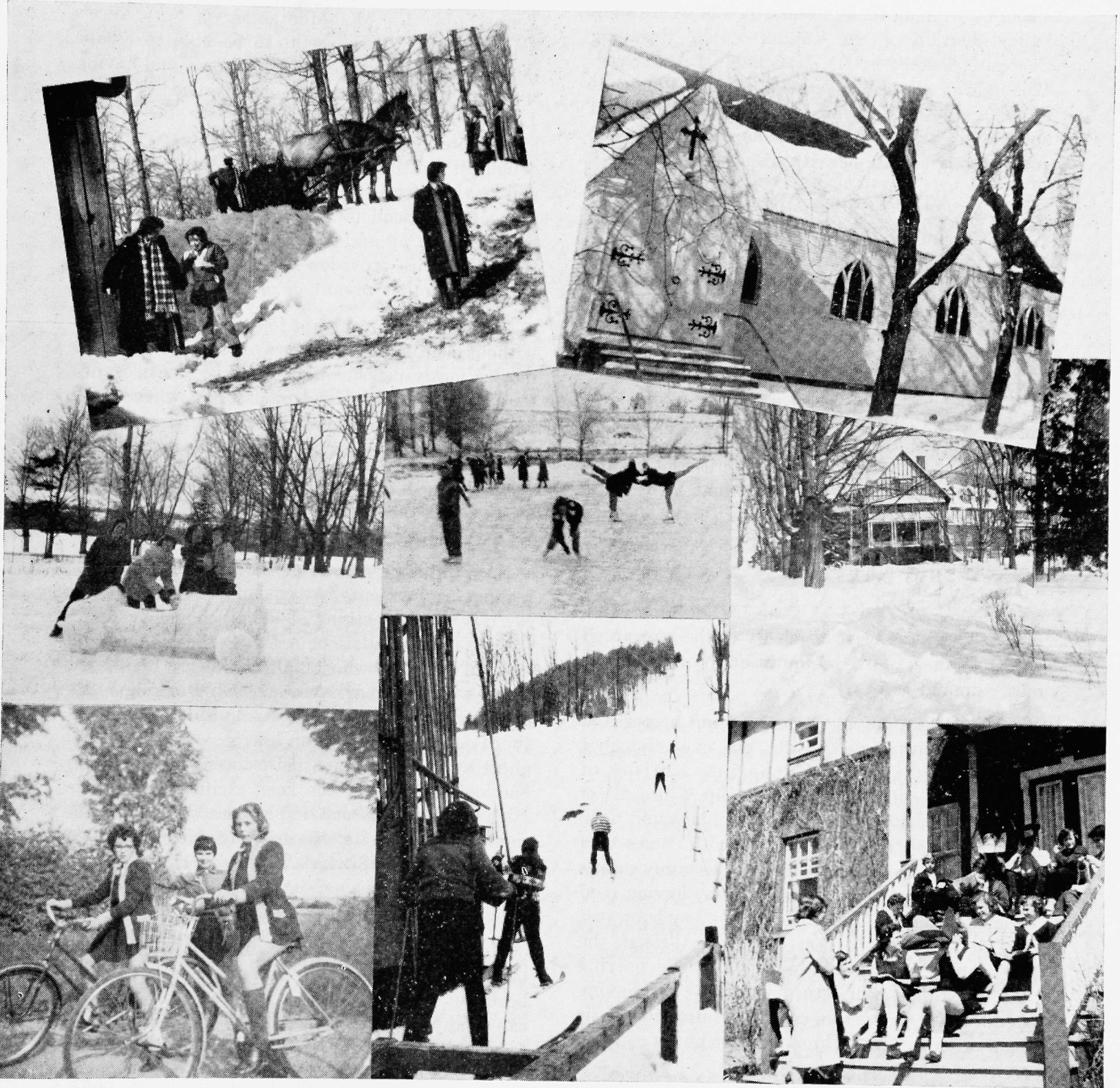
"How can a human being put out into the streets such a heavenly little angel to suffer so much misery," he thought pityingly.

After a short while the little boy had fallen asleep, a faint smile relaxing the drawn face and the two bony hands clutching at the blankets. As Mr. Brone bent over the helpless small being a large tear rolled down his glowing wrinkled cheek and splashed onto the child's hands.

"Is this an answer to all those lonely nights; a realization of my seemingly hopeless dreams?" he asked into the silence. His faded eyes peered into those dreams of the future, now full of bright colours and happy days and of someone with whom to share them.

GILLIAN BASTIAN, Matric.







## PUBLIC SPEAKING

Ruth Peverley, VI A., brought honour to the school by winning the semi-final in the St. Francis Valley district, of the annual Public Speaking Contest sponsored by the McGill Alumnae society. This meant that Ruth spoke in the Finals at R.V.C., Montreal, on March 11. Though she did not win an award in the Finals she spoke well, and we congratulate her. Ruth's speech follows.

### The Values of Reading

You, as university graduates, are well aware of the many values of reading. I, as a high-school student, have been trying to analyze those values for my own satisfaction. What is one supposed to gain by spending a few hours in the perusal of a book or article? Let us consider some of the advantages of such an occupation.

First, is its contribution to the development of our characters. How many of you, when reading, for instance, Elizabeth Bennett's criticism of Mr. Darcy and agreeing vehemently that he is most despicable, have suddenly realized with an unpleasant jolt that the despised is very like yourself? This, though painful, is undoubtedly salutary. And what could be more enlightening than finding certain characteristics of your friends—to which you have always been decidedly averse—regarded with tolerance, or even admiration, by one of your most admired heroes?

Again, do we not all regard certain heroes and heroines as our friends? I do. Yes, even though I realize that neither Catherine Linton of "WUTHERING HEIGHTS," nor Philip Whiteoak, of "JALNA," nor even Christopher Robin would have much use for me! Familiarity with times and walks of life other than one's own certainly makes for a broader outlook. Consider how, having read Thomas Costain's "THE BLACK ROSE" we know just what it feels like to peer anxiously through the tiny window of a great mediaeval castle praying that our knight will return in safety; or, having attended an eighteenth century church with Sir Roger de Coverley, we know exactly how a country service of that time was conducted.

In connection with our imaginary friends, do we not admire much of what they do, and, as in life, copy—consciously or not—much of what we admire? Always—we secretly intend to become a second Florence Nightingale or Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Observation of others, through reading, is a great influence on the character of any reader.

Another of the values of a good book is that its doors are always open to a fascinating new world. What fun it is to lose oneself in Shakespeare's, Tennyson's, L. M. Montgomery's, or Alice's "Wonderland." How useful to be able to escape there from lesser problems and sorrows, and having spent a time with David Copperfield or Tiny Tim, to emerge quite satisfied with life—or at least more reconciled to it. In lighter vein, how delightful it is to bury oneself in an Agatha Christie, and having been the object of a tirade by some exasperated friend for several minutes to look up with innocent air and enquire, "Were you speaking to me?" This provision of an easy method of escape is another advantage of reading.

I could not even attempt to speak on this subject without mentioning the extensive vocabulary one can unconsciously pick up while reading. The necessity for this was amusingly demonstrated when a tall and rather elderly gentleman told a group of students that they must learn to use more adjectives than the so-common **cute** and **awful**.

"For," he said, "you most certainly cannot call me **cute**, and I hope you will not call me **awful**."

Now we come to one of the greatest values of reading—enjoyment. Any kind of book is enjoyable; there is even something about an encyclopaedia—that vast accumulation of facts—that makes one hate to put it down. Think of the joy in a good laugh over Stephen Leacock's "On Banking;" the entertaining happiness in A. A. Milen's "Winnie the Pooh"; the thrill of horror when Hamlet's ghost appears! And for more intensified emotion, one looks to poetry; the keen excitement of "The Highwayman," the moving sadness of "In Memoriam," the exquisite, the breath-taking beauty of Shelley's "To a Skylark." Experience of any of these sensations is not only exhilarating but enjoyable. Reading **is** fun!

Now for the most valuable thing that reading can bring, an imagination! Imagination creates a beautiful world—a Utopia, a haven, to which we can go anywhere, anytime, and at any age. Reading teaches the fundamental steps and the direction in which one must take them to reach this wonderland. For with certain heroes and heroines we **do** impossible things, **see** impossible sights, **meet** impossible people, and very soon we find that we are making up stories ourselves—and having a fascinating time. Without imagination life would be unbearable. Reading helps us to develop this great gift.

I think I have mentioned most of the values of reading: it profoundly affects the character of a reader; it offers escape from problems or boredom; it improves the vocabulary; and it stimulates the imagination through enjoyment. Reading is worth while; it **is** our greatest pastime. Let us follow Keat's advice and

"Ever let the Fancy, roam;  
Open wide the mind's cage-door,  
She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar!"

RUTH PEVERLEY, VI A.



### COMPTON vs. HILLCREST

I look at my watch near the end of class,  
And count the seconds as each one drags past,  
After some time at this profitless chore  
I look at my text book and sigh. What a bore!  
And then comes the sound to my listening ears  
The clang of the bell! Three cheers! Three cheers!  
There's a scramble, a ramble, a rush for the door,  
Then we're up the Prep Hall in a loud rip roar.

Down to the basement amid all the racket,  
We finally find our ski-boots and jacket.  
We dash outside to the cold winter air,  
And suddenly find our skis just aren't there!  
Then comes a voice from the back of the bus  
"They're already in, don't make such a fuss!"  
I stumbled aboard and collapsed in my seat,  
By the time we're at Hillcrest, I'm already beat.

Having put on our skis we head for the Tow,  
When someone behind us yells, "Oh no!"  
We look up the hill and to our disgust,  
We find Bishop's skiing with us.  
After a struggle we're on top of the hill,  
And as we look down we feel quite a thrill,  
But then our heart quickens; we get wobbly knees,  
For we know we can get back, only on skis.

We brace ourselves with determination!  
And watch better skiers with great admiration.  
Then, unwilling and frightened, we're off with a  
start,  
And we feel the pulse quickening deep in our heart  
As we race down the hill without our control,  
Our skis wide apart and with only one pole.  
At last our swift flight down the treacherous hill  
Decidedly ends with a thumping spill!

We have no sooner struggled up to our feet,  
Than a B.C.S. Prep boy—of all things—we meet.  
This miniature Pro. looks at us with disgust,  
But with a grin hands the ski pole to us.  
Again we start down, but with a sore knee,  
When suddenly in front of us looms a wide tree!  
There's a sigh of relief as we miss it, but barely,  
And continue more carefully, our hazardous  
journey.

Suddenly we come to a wide open space,  
And look with much terror at what we must face.  
Before us, a hill **not** hidden by trees!  
Here we surely shall be an exhibit on skis.  
I gather my courage and start bravely forward,  
But soon on my seat I'm continuing downward.  
At the bottom in a jumbled heap do I lie,  
But still I go back for another try.

About five o'clock when we're frozen and bruised,  
And the seats of our ski pants have been thoroughly  
used,

And most of us seemed quite glad to stop,  
We take off our skis and limp to the shop.  
We collapse in a chair, glad of some heat,  
And get cocoa to drink and hot dogs to eat.  
After warming our toes, our hands and our face  
We stroll to the bus, in no mood to race.

We shove our skis into the back of the bus,  
And take a last look at the hills behind us.  
We climb on the bus and speed for our seat,  
To wait for the slowpokes who want more to eat.  
Finally everyone's on, and we start back to school.  
The thought of more work, makes us want to fool.  
The cocoa and hot dogs make us feel rather queasy,  
So we open the windows, to find the air breezy.

"The covered bridge, everyone," some loud voice  
cries,

Then deep silence falls and we all close our eyes.  
This silence is ALWAYS marred by some joker,  
And we feel that our only recourse is to choke her.  
After several songs which are all out of tune,  
We reach King's Hall, but far too soon.  
We think over our glorious day in the sun  
Which we all agree, has really been fun!

DIXIE LAMBERT, VI A.

BARBARA MURRAY, VI A.



## LINES

Alone, alone, always alone,  
That's how I want to be;  
Alone, and on a rocky shore,  
Beside my friend, the sea.

Its moods are mine,  
And from it draw the core of life,  
A yearning for the grim unknown  
And for some bitter strife.

My life has been too easy  
But beside the sea I find  
An answer to my deepest thoughts,—  
And also peace of mind.

For in the sea is wisdom,  
And all the passions too  
That are used to build a mortal man,  
Like me — or you.

SANDY ROBERTSON, *Matric.*



## ON BEING AN OBSERVER

Have you ever sat on a streetcar, those lumbering ugly vehicles that men constantly complain about but yet find indispensable, and felt aloof from your fellow passengers—an observer of the human emotions rather than a participant? You have the power to look around and read on people's faces the intimate stories of their lives.

For instance, take that dumpy old lady in the rusty black dress two seats down from you. To most people she would seem like any old woman, but to you, the observer, is revealed through the maze of wrinkles on the sagging face, and through the calm look in the faded blue eyes, her own personal story of hardships intermingled with bursts of joy. You feel that she has just come back from visiting the graves of her small son and beloved husband, Mr. Winkle, for you have decided that her name has to be Mrs. Winkle. But she is not bitter about her losses, for she is remembering the old days when her family was united and worked and played, suffered and rejoiced together. Her head, with its scanty crown of grizzled hair is held erect as she thinks of the promising future for her fine children and three beloved grandchildren.

Your attention is diverted from Mrs. Winkle by a loud giggle. A young Miss of about thirteen, followed by a rather gangly boy, leaps gracefully up the stairs. As she passes by, you observe that she is dressed in the height of fashion—a pair of elegantly dirty blue jeans, almost covered by the

flapping tails of an enormous shirt, stolen from father's bureau, no doubt. Her feet are shod in a pair of dirty white bucks with the name "Joe" handsomely inscribed in large red letters across each scuffed toe. As she flops into the seat opposite you, you search among the scattering of freckles and thick purple lipstick for the reason for that extra special light in her snapping blue eyes. Ah! now you know. She is, at the moment, the most happy girl in the world. This afternoon her attentive swain asked her to "go steady." Just wait till she tells that catty girl down the street! Boy, will she be jealous! You think to yourself, as, in unison, the two young lovers blow gigantic bubbles from enormous wads of vile-smelling pink bubble gum, "Isn't young love sweet!"

At the moment, a taller man of about thirty-five seats himself in front of the young pair blocking them from your view. This figure instantly seizes your interest because he is so ordinary looking—dressed in a conservative grey flannel suit with positively no concealed weapons bulging from his pockets. He has a clean-shaven vaguely handsome face, and brown hair that is visibly getting thinner in spots, though its owner denies this fact vehemently. Yes indeed, you gather, the type that does not stand out in a crowd. But look again. A second examination yields the fact that he is not an ordinary man. His eyes are too bright and excited, there is the faint quirk of a smile over in the left corner of his mouth, and you could swear that he is humming a tune. You lean forward to catch the name of this tune. What! "Rock-a-bye Baby"? A lullaby. But of course, how silly can you be? He is the proud father of two days standing. A further examination yields the fact that it is twins—a girl and a boy. What else could those pink and blue cornflowers in his button-hole mean? Everyone is so pleased especially the wife and himself, as he wanted a boy and she wanted a girl. What could be a better compromise than twins? The fact that there will be two extra mouths to feed, two extra little bodies to clothe and keep healthy is far from his mind. The world which contains only his lovely family is bathed in a rosy light.

Clang, clang, clang. You jump up with a start as the conductor yells "King and Bay Streets." Your minutes of being an observer of mankind are over. You join the rank and file of those who experience all the emotions as, with pounding heart, you push your way off the streetcar towards the awful prospect of six deep cavities and six painful fillings.

HEATHER DEWAR, *Matric.*



## AFKIN IN JENNIFER'S POCKET

"Remember, Affy, that first day I found you in my pocket? I didn't believe you when you said you came from Mars."

"Yes, I remember, Jennifer. I'm still insulted that you thought I was a grass-hopper! I do wish you wouldn't call me Affy; Afkin sounds more dignified."

"Sorry, old thing, but you do look an itzy bit like one and although I think Affy suits you I'll try Afkin from now on."

"Thank you, Jennifer."

"I suppose you can't tell me what I wanted to know the last time?"

"About life on other planets in our solar system? Actually, yes, the superiors gave their consent."

"Oh, thanks."

"It's really very serious, Jennifer. Being a Christian you won't believe me at first, but there is re-incarnation."

"Really? Re-incarnation? What was I before? Why can't I remember?"

"Hold on, little one, while I explain. It's all there in your subconscious, but until you're dying you won't remember, and then before you learn to talk after your rebirth you'll forget again. It all fades fairly quickly as you get older. In your last life you were a dog."

"How fascinating, a dog! What kind?"

"A collie. Funnily enough the only thing that stays the same physically is eyes. The colour remains, as it represents the character, which never changes."

"Mmmmm. Absolutely fantastic! Go on."

"Well, Earth is the lowest planet and the lowest of the low on earth is the snake. According to the life you lead you move up or down the scale. A cat is quite a bit higher than a snake. A dog higher still and so on. There is no caste system among human beings—they are the highest form on Earth, and a good human being (no one can be perfect) goes on to another planet when he dies. Venus is the next one. Human beings are the lowest form of life on Venus."

"You mean that all my ancestors are progressing higher and higher through the planets?"

"Most of them are, Jennifer."

"What are the other forms of life that are higher than human beings?"

"I'm afraid that is something I am not allowed to divulge—however, you'll see when you get there."

"When will I get to Mars?"

"It's fairly high up in the scale."

"Oh. What happens when you've done all the planets in our solar system? Don't you go to heaven then?"

"No, no. We won't be half prepared by then."

"Not prepared? But Afkin, there are some things I'm rather confused about. How does religion fit into all this? Is Christianity wrong? What about the other religions?"

"Actually, Jennifer, as all religions are basically the same, they're all right. There is a God much as Christians imagine Him."

"Oh well, you haven't told me yet what happens when we've finished this solar system."

"Neither I have. You see, there are a number of solar systems. Ours is by no means the lowest. Hell is a whole solar system in itself. It's not very pleasant really. To regress back to another solar system is a dreadful disgrace—moving back a planet is bad enough."

"Is Heaven the highest planet in the highest solar system, then, Afkin?"

"Not exactly, Jennifer; you see we're getting into the problem of Infinity which I don't really understand myself."

"I wish I could, though. Affy?"

"Yes?"

"Do all the people on your planet know all this you've been telling me?"

"Good heavens, no, Jennifer, only a very few. Some don't believe us and not all that many know. A few people on earth know, but the majority of them are skeptical. No one to whom you tell this will believe you."

"I s'pose not, I'm not sure if I do myself. Is it really true?"

"Yes, Jennifer. I give you my solemn oath on that."

"Why was I picked to be told?"

"That's something else I cannot tell you, Jennifer. I must go now."

"Go? you can't. I want to ask you about so many things—predestination for one."

"I must, but I'll come back. Another day when you're walking down this country lane, you'll feel me in your pocket. We'll have another long talk. Remember what I've said and don't let others talk you out of your ideas and beliefs. Goodbye little one, or as the French say, au revoir."

HEATHER MACLAREN, Matric.

## OMNISCIENCE

The last brilliant ray faded from the summer sky as the sun sank below the western horizon. The heavens paled from a blazing inferno to a blue-pink behind the purple clouds of the in-coming night. From the east, first twilight, then the deep all-embracing darkness of night settled upon the land. A crescent moon hung suspended above the roof-tops of a small town. An insignificant dot on the landscape, you say? Not at all. Such "dots" as you are disparaging are often referred to as "the backbone of the country," or so I heard Judge Wilkins tell old Sam, his gardener, the other day.

A sprinkling of stars gazed down upon the silent streets, the shuttered shops, and the darkened houses. A man's steps on the pavement echoed in the night. Now and then a car sped through the town or a lumbering transport shattered the serenity with its terrific roar.

The stars remained apparently immobile, as they have always done. What sights they must have beheld in their time, these heavenly bodies! What centuries and fleeting generations of mankind have passed beneath their steadfast gaze! What could they not tell us if they were so inclined? What mysteries of life have they not pierced?

To-night this town seems clothed in slumber—all is tranquil. The street-lights bordering the sidewalks shine through leafy oaks and maples, casting shadows upon the smoking pavements. The air has the blessed coolness which descends at the close of a scorching summer's day. A peaceful town, you say? An ordinary town, asleep as it should be while the clock on the Town Hall is striking three? It is natural that you should be deceived, but the stars could tell you otherwise. All is not as it appears. See there? Down there? Those two cars streaking from the town, down towards that red bridge!—Are they crazy? Can't they see there is room for only one to cross? Still, neck and neck they race for the bridge—a squeal of brakes, a scream, a deafening, splintering crash—heart-rending—then silence! The folly of youth! The waste of young lives!

But that is not all the stars perceive. Watch that jewelry store on the corner of Main Street carefully. Its peaceful appearance is deceptive. There, do you see a man climb from its windows, his pockets bulging? With the help of the ivy vines clothing the aging bricks of the building he climbs to the ground. But stop! Isn't that a policeman approaching? The thief, paralyzed with fear, shrinks into the shadows. There is no time to

escape. The steps draw nearer, ringing loud and clear—an ominous sound to the cowering fugitive, fearing that the deafening thuds of his own heart will be audible. Around the corner strolls the policeman whistling "Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?" with a nonchalant air. Preoccupied with his own dreams and aspirations he passes the law-breaker and continues on his way. Oh, stupid one!

From a tavern down the street two soldiers emerge, laughing boisterously. Clutching each other for support, they make unsteadily for the bus depot—back to the nearby military camp, with a stiff penalty. But what care they, these revelling young men? Leave comes but once a week.

There! Look! Two lovers leaning on the red bridge now restored to tranquillity. Arms entwined, they watch the reflection of the moon and stars in the still waters, and dream of an idyllic life. Foolish young ones! You have much to learn.

Three o'clock and all should be—a-bed! But lights are burning in many houses yet. Shall we peek through an uncurtained window? What has caused those lights to blare at this unseemly hour? A domestic quarrel over some trivial matter—a spoilt dinner, perhaps? Foolish to let material things cause even a moment of unhappiness! Perhaps a doctor's car is parked outside? A birth? A death? Life must go on. And the stars see it all—the sordidness, the tragedies, the ecstatic happiness, the purity and the goodness. They view impassively the panorama of events which pass beneath their gaze as they have been doing since the world was created. Even if we inconsequential men should destroy ourselves with self-made weapons, the stars will continue to look down upon the empty world lying beneath the pall of night.

CYNTHIA HUTCHINS, Matric.



## PEACE

The jade-green pool lies silent in the sun,  
Its edges shadowed by the leafy trees  
Whose branches touch the water  
With tranquil ease.

The mirrored sky, a clear and azure blue,  
Is laced with clouds as white as foam,  
Whose trailing, whisp-like threads have all the  
heavens  
Over which to roam.

SANDRA ROBERTSON, Matric.

## A GLIMPSE OF CANADA'S NEWEST PROVINCE

Let us imagine ourselves on the sailing schooner "Nonia" taking a coastal trip around Newfoundland. The "Nonia" makes regular trips and calls in at all the hundreds of tiny fishing settlements dotted here and there along the rugged coastline.

One of these settlements has just come into view and the first thing we see are the massive, rocky cliffs in whose crevices are nestled tiny houses. Adjoining these houses, if one can call them such, are rack-like objects made of poles joined together and supported by poles, called 'flakes', on which salt cod is put in the sun to dry. The little houses have turned grey from the action of the wind and salt water and there is no suggestion whatever that there was once any paint! Lower down near the water are larger flakes and a few warehouses to store the fish. Now we can see the spires of three churches rising in the air. It seems hard to believe that a settlement of less than one hundred would have three churches, and even more amazing is the fact that there are two schools! They may only be tiny one-room shacks in which grades one to eleven are taught by a teacher who knows pathetically little herself, but nevertheless they are schools. Judging by the way the crew on this vessel speaks we are sure that little, if anything, is learned in these schools because it seems that words beginning with "h" have lost it and words beginning with a vowel have very mysteriously gained the "h"!

Obviously, the villagers have heard the sound of the boat approaching and everyone from grandfather to the baby has come to watch it come in. Speaking to the Captain and crew is the only way these people ever find out what is happening in other parts of the island as there is no electricity, so of course there are no radios. When someone is lucky enough to get a letter from a relative everyone must read it! These villages were originally settled by a single family and as a result each settlement now contains practically only one family name! This one, we discover, has a family of Legrow and as we dock we call, "Hello, Mrs. Legrow!" to one of the ladies standing on the pier. She looks rather puzzled but probably thinks we're long lost sisters.

We have been told that the boat will be here for several hours as the Captain has relatives he would like to see, so let's take a look around.

The minute we step off the boat, Mrs. Legrow rushes up to us and says, "My, but 'tis good t'see ye again! ow's ye bin? Wun't ye come h'up ter de

'ouse fer supper?" We have nothing else to do and it sounds like fun, so we accept. Chattering gaily about the big catch they'd had, the weather, and her many sorrows she leads the way up the narrow, rocky path to her homely abode. Upon entering the house we find ourselves in a room immaculately clean which serves as a living room, dining room and kitchen! The coal stove in the corner has on it several bubbling pots and the table in the centre of the room has been set for supper. For the sake of convenience these people put everything on the table at once, including the dessert! Tins of milk, bottles of jam, pickles and tins of cookies take up so much room on the table that there is scarcely room for anything else.

After having a very delicious meal of fish and brewse, a Newfoundlander's specialty, we leave this tiny settlement and the friendly hospitable Legrows, feeling much better acquainted with Newfoundland's people and their life.

JUDY HOUSE, VI B.

## LITTLE MICHAEL

One day during the Great War in a small town in France, the air was full of smoke, thick and humid. Bombs were falling from the sky, hitting the earth and destroying everything. Houses were in ruins. All that could be seen was rubble, dirt, and smoke. In among these ruins stood a great, majestic church. It had stood for many years weathering storms, and it had seen many sunsets which had cast their golden rays on its vine-covered walls. This church attracted many children, not only because of its beauty but because of a statue which stood outside. This was of a small cherub holding a lamb. The cherub had small wings, a button nose, and curly hair which fell softly around its smiling face. There he stood while all the bombs were falling. He had seemed so little and yet so brave.

Then, all of a sudden there was a great thundering crash which rocked everything nearby. The ancient stained-glass windows of the church were shattered, the roof went down, and the walls collapsed. The tower heaved and fell; the ground trembled, the impact was so great. Yes, even this huge edifice went down in big heaps of stone, earth, and smoke.

The sun breaking through the clouds shone down on all the destruction and also on the little cherub. He stood there untouched as if to show that it would take more than bombs to shatter memories. To this day he stands there. He's called "Little Michael."

JOSETTE COCHAND, V A.



### ESCAPE

Shifting cautiously along the darkened alley, the small boy listened and watched anxiously. Far off he could hear a jazz band, while the incessant din of the city lingered in the shifting night. A trash can crashed to the pavement as a tom-cat, yowling mournfully, flashed by. The startling sound rang through his ears, and the eight-year old, terrified by his own scurrying footsteps, bolted into another lane. Although he hid in a corner, a bright red neon light flashed at intervals across his little body and played on his staring, deep blue eyes and unkempt rust-coloured hair. Thoughts whirled through the child's confused brain as he sank in exhaustion onto some steps.

Now, the little rebel almost wished he were safe at the orphanage; yet his passionate desire for freedom always spurred him on. It had been so easy up to this point slipping out of sight of Miss Higley's vigilant eye and escaping from the only home he had ever known. But what a home! All his life Philip could remember nothing but constant thrashings, cold porridge, threats, draughty rooms, intense loneliness, and the nauseating smell of burnt leftovers, gas furnaces and Miss Higley's rancid perfume. He was finally free from this existence of miserable horror, and would soon, he hoped, be miles out at sea.

A shutter being flung open abruptly distracted his attention, and a corpulent man muttering oaths under his breath lolled out the window.

"And why di ya do it? Will you answer me that, Harry?" A feminine voice whined in the background.

With a vicious snarl, the man reeled out of sight, and a tumult of jeers and shrieks followed, and then haunting silence. The light snapped off as an empty bottle flew out of the open window. The glass shattered inches from Philip's head. Again he was on the run!

The little figure dashed through a crowd of sailors laughing raucously and staggering convulsively out of a tavern, but rounding a corner he suddenly stopped. Philip quivered as a tremor of voluptuous emotion crept through his body. Before him stretched his kingdom of gleaming water lapping gently over the sand. A balmy intoxicating breath of sea air stole through the repugnant city stench, and Philip was happy. His youthful heart pounded rapturously at the sight of the familiar ship, and there, beckoning to him, stood dear Hank.

Hank was the trustworthy mariner with whom he had made acquaintance on the orphanage's excursions

to the waterfront every Saturday afternoon. Hank, who had captivated Philip with tales of adventure across the seas, who had commanded awe and respect from the boy with his tawny good looks and gruff manner, and who had listened with fatherly sympathy to Phillip's most confidential problems! Yes, dear Hank, an only friend for an insignificant little orphan boy.

Philip, blinded by stinging tears which ripped across his cheeks as he ran, stumbled towards his friend. Catching hold of Hank's muscular hand, the boy squeezed it warmly and beamed into the sailor's sparkling eyes.

"Hello lad," Hank said quietly, and without another word the companions scrambled aboard the waiting schooner.

JAMIE TROOP, VI A.



### FOREIGN TRAVEL

Foreign travel benefits one in many ways, and if one has the time, money and desire to see different lands, one attains a greater scope of knowledge and interest. I think four prominent benefits are the following: knowledge of various languages, the ability to contrast one's fortunes with the surroundings of those in other lands, a supplement to books, movies or conversation and most of all, sheer enjoyment.

A knowledge of the various languages and the practice in speaking them is beneficial to all. It is all very well to study French, Spanish, Italian or German in school but a more efficient way of learning the tongue is to travel among those who know it best. It would give one great pleasure to be able to sit down in a French café or a Spanish restaurant and utter such words as "Garçon!" or "Mozo!" and then to order the meal using all the phrases and gesticulations familiar to the waiter. One can, after a time, branch into reading the literature of other countries and be able to notice the different styles and subjects of the various authors. One can enjoy foreign films and radio and converse easily with a foreigner in his own country.

Another aspect of foreign travel is the ability which one acquires of contrasting one's own fortune and surroundings with those of other peoples. Usually one who travels feels very lucky because so many of the foreign lands and people are completely destitute. When one goes to India and sees the meagre and gaunt frames of the natives struggling with their primitive hand ploughs through the soil

which yields so little, one feels that one has too much in the way of leisure and food. The women in most of the Asiatic and eastern European lands take an equal share in the rough and everlasting toil. Any woman from our easy-going land who travels among these people must look on her expensive clothes and perfumes with shame. In China, poverty is written over everyone's face and even rice, which is the one luxuriant crop, doesn't suffice to keep the population healthy. After one travels here or to Egypt and sees the scrawny children grovelling in the dirty streets, one must worship the grass and verdure of his homeland and return there feeling too heavily endowed with blessings.

The sights the traveller sees in his journeys add to his enjoyment of books, movies and plays. To read a book concerning far-off lands from which one has just returned and to remember, as he reads, that he was once there, must make the story much fuller and more interesting. If the book describes the Roman ruins or the palace at Versailles and you have stood and gazed at the picture yourself, you are able to read between the lines and receive a greater joy from the book. If one sees a movie taking place in a familiar setting, he can relive his visit to this place and have wonderful memories restored to the mind. How thrilling it must be to have visited the bleak Devonshire moors or the Highlands of Scotland and then to see the movie "Rob Roy" enacted with this same background which is now used for a battle. The thrilling sights one sees while on a journey are continually being brought back to mind through books, films or pictures so he may never forget them.

The last and most important benefit of foreign travel is the pure enjoyment which one receives from it. How exciting it must be to visit Germany and take a trip down the busy Rhine or to see the Chateaux on the Loire. How I would love to visit Naples and gaze out over the wide expanse of sea or experience a trip through the Black Forest or stay on the enticing French Riviera and swim in the blue Mediterranean. While travelling one sees various operas, visits different art galleries, rests in new hotels and partakes of exotic food. After a trip like this the voyager is bound to return home crammed full of lovely thoughts and usually is a never-ending source of interest to his companions.

These four benefits of foreign travel, I consider the most valuable. A person who has acquired all this would never be at a loss for words, stimulating thoughts or remembered pleasure.

CATHERINE HARVIE, Matric.

## BE PATIENT WITH THE HARD OF HEARING

It was five o'clock in the evening in downtown New York. The streets were crowded with people wanting to get home after a hard day's work in the many office buildings and stores. Crowds pushed towards subway entrances, bus-stops and train stations. People were jostling each other in an attempt to get to where they were going before anyone else. Women, laden down with packages bought during a whole day's shopping, were trying to get into buses, cars, taxis and through doorways. The result as usual, during rush-hour in New York, was chaos.

As I was standing in front of my office building waiting for a friend to pick me up, I noticed that a taxi-cab had pulled up by the curb in front of me. There was a little lady sitting upright in the back seat. She was one of those little old ladies that you are always reading about in stories. She had on a black suit with a pink flower on the lapel, and a little black hat with a pink flower protruding from it at a rakish angle. Her gray-white hair was neatly arranged in a bun. She was sitting talking earnestly to the driver. I could hear most of their conversation through the open car window as I stood there.

"That will be a dollar-sixty," declared a distinct Brooklyn drawl from the driver's seat.

"Yes, the morning's have been quite misty," agreed the woman. "Here is one dollar, sir, for all the trouble you've gone to to drive me to the dentist's."

"M'am, you owe me sixty more cents," replied the impatient driver. Any remark the woman might have made was drowned by the hornblast of a car behind wanting the parking space.

When this interruption had passed I heard a rather irate voice declare, "But m'am, you still owe me sixty cents. I have five children to feed."

"Oh—do you really like my beads? My daughter gave them to me. She has such good taste."

"Lady, I want my money."

"You say that movie is very funny? I went last night with the family and didn't like it at all," came the pleasant reply from the back seat.

"Lady, please think of all the money I'm wasting just sitting here waiting for you to pay me my sixty cents."

"I'll have to leave. Here is sixty cents for yourself for all the trouble you went to."

Saying this the little old lady stepped out of the cab and walked away into the crowd.

DIANE HORNIG, VI A.

## HOW TO PACK A TRUNK

"How do you pack a trunk?"

Why just ask any average Comptonite—or rather ask any loving, yet suffering mother when her darling comes bouncing through the door, followed by a panting baggage man carrying in a very normal looking trunk. But look at the daughter again! She has Butch under one arm and an awkward Renfrew's box under the other, as well as a sad-looking paper bag overflowing with odds and ends.

Oh! that memorable last day spent at Compton before going home!—a most soothing arrangement after the long hard term. On your way upstairs from breakfast that morning you think, "Now simply to pick up my waiting suitcases and continue on to my room—" no sooner said than done!

After searching through ceiling-high piles of luggage, you finally find your own two cases on the bottom of the highest collection. Of course you never fail to upset the whole works and you barely escape being suffocated under a mountain of luggage. Nervously picking your way back to your room, you dodge now and then to avoid charging females who are chattering their way from one room to another. Once in the haven of your room you relax—only to find you have forgotten your overnight bag. After another hectic journey to the "mount" you feel vaguely like Sir Edmund Hillary. Eventually you find that some dear has shoved your poor unprotected little suitcase into a dark, dreary corner of a nearby closet.

Again in your own room, you discover that your trunk has not been delivered yet, so you begin fooling around—thinking that you are arranging your socks, blouses and sweaters in neat piles on your bed. (This, you were informed, is the proper introduction to packing!) But then, why didn't you think of it before? Now is the perfect chance to strip your bed! You throw all your piles of clothes in a heap in the corner and proceed to strip the bed of all its covers.

Right at this moment, as your trunk arrives, the covers stay in a heap on the floor (your room-mates have probably stripped their beds, too) and you make for your trunk. Through lack of space, YOUR trunk must be placed in the hall.

All term you've been resolving to improve your packing and here are some rules that you are planning to follow: Step 1—Put all heavy objects in the bottom—but you have a tray in the top for shoes. Oh well, counterbalance this by placing all the school books at the bottom. Remember all the studying you are planning to do? Step 2—Next place all jackets neatly on top of the books. Don't take time out to fold them—there is so much more to throw in. Step 3—Toss in all socks, sweaters and skirts. (Don't forget the bed lamp if this is the end of the summer term!) Step 4—Now, if you stand just next to your bedside table you can heave your poor, bulging diary into that empty corner. (If anybody happens to go by at that moment, well—By the way, isn't it funny how, at certain times, you feel strangely like someone you really aren't—like the paper picker in Central Park for example?) Step 5—With all the main items packed, you can now toss in your tennis racket, running shoes, your favourite picture of Harry Belafonte, and your hoop. If you are lucky, you can manage to jam your formal under that tray of shoes.

Just as you are patting yourself on the back for this uncanny effort, you remember the extra coat hanging in the hall closet. You rush off frantically, to return rolling your coat into a bundle which is thrown in on top. At this point, you can't possibly close the trunk yourself so you waylay your now relaxing friends who have naturally finished ages before you.

Back in your room, as you are about to snap the lock, all your friends being painfully perched on the top, you hear a familiar voice.—"Back to your rooms—checks now." Off dash all your friends; your efforts are ruined. After you have jumped about on the stubborn thing for five minutes, the lid finally catches and insanity is barely escaped.

Yes, the art of packing a trunk certainly is well practised by Comptonites! Just last term my trunk arrived at home with one lock missing. I still have nightmares of an embarrassed Red Cap in Central Station picking up hankies, hoops, and tennis rackets and placing them in an uncooperative trunk marked "Bathurst, New Brunswick."

MARY JANE THOMPSON, Matric.





## EXPEDITION AT DAWN

Dawn was just breaking when I arrived at the fishing-boat with some of the crew members. The flaming sun was starting on its never-ending journey through the sky, causing everything to look rosy and warm. As I stood staring at the loveliness of a fresh day unfolding, the motor suddenly roared, the boat leapt forward, and our journey began. We travelled swiftly and soon were miles out to sea—or so it appeared to me. I tried hard to adopt the fisherman's casual attitude, but found it impossible when all my senses cried out to enjoy the beauty of the sea. The boat, as it cut through the flat-surfaced water, threw up a fleecy white foam which flew back over the bow spraying our faces and bringing the tang of salt to our nostrils and lips. A path of molten gold followed our boat. It seemed like a path laid down by heaven to guide all the lost of the sea to land.

Then the boat slowed down. We had come to the swordfishing grounds! A man climbed up the "crow's nest" and we all stared out to sea, each hoping to be the first to sight the black dorsal fin of a swordfish.

Suddenly the man in the "crow's nest" yelled excitedly, "There she is!"

The boat quickened and sped us to the spot that had been pointed out. Everyone gazed tensely, hoping the fish would break again. At last, near the bow where the spearer stood ready, the water heaved and broke. A black back appeared, flinging foam in every direction. **Zing** went the spear—a clean shot! The swordfish made his last dash for freedom, pulling yards of rope with him. Finally he tired and stopped; the rope lagged and was still. A stealthy-looking man got into a dory. He carried a large spear to kill the fish. He rowed to the now quiet swordfish. We all waited, with our hearts thudding loudly. What would happen next? Would he kill the swordfish or would the fish get away? We saw the man plunge the spear into the fish. Then a deep scarlet covered the water around. We knew now that the fish was ours!

The swordfish was brought aboard. As it lay on deck the sun hit its streamlined body, and it sparkled in iridescent colours. The boat heaved as the motor roared into action. The bow cut into the crystal-blue ocean, pointing once more towards home.

JENNIFER PARSONS, VI A.

## TWO WEEKS IN A STRANGE WORLD

Although I spent only two weeks as a nurses' aid at the Cecil Memorial Hospital for mentally retarded children, I shall never forget it or the lessons it taught me. Practically all the patients at the hospital are hopeless cases. Most of them die when they are very young on account of their low resistance to any kind of disease. While I was there, for instance, three children died of intestinal 'flu on the ward where I worked. The germ had probably been brought by some visitor who was unaware of carrying it.

The ages of the twenty-two children in the ward I was on ranged from two to fourteen. All were bed-ridden, but on the whole they were content. The poor little things knew nothing of what went on around them, and as I said, they were perfectly content unless they had one of their frequent headaches or were thirsty. In either instance, we knew soon enough that something was wrong or that something had happened.

There are many types of mental illness at the hospital. The mentality of some of the children is very, very low. One child actually had no I.Q. at all. She could not move, talk, think, or even eat. She had to be fed with a tube. She was alive; that was all. What I have just told you may seem very pitiful, and it is, but the most heartbreaking and tragic part of the two weeks was witnessing the grief of the parents. I shall not go into details as none are needed; just think how you would feel if you had a child in such a condition.

We school-girls who acted as hospital aids will never forget the lessons the hospital taught us. For one thing it made us all so grateful for what we ourselves have that we can never stop marvelling at our own good fortune. For my own part, the hospital took away many silly ideas and fears I had had about mental illness and replaced them with a sense of security. Tragic as the fate of the mentally retarded is, only about one child in thousands is born in that condition. We hope that medical science can eventually either cure the mentally retarded, or discover the causes of the abnormality and remove them before birth. Last but not least, I think the hospital taught me patience and a better understanding of people in general.

SUSAN HANSON, VI A.



## HOW TO DIET

Definition of an average girl's diet at King's Hall:

A diet is a temporary fad which sometimes runs from one meal to one whole day!

Instructions:

Breakfast:—Eat a good big breakfast. After all it is said to be the most important meal of the day.

Break:—Have a little break. They say to eat a little something in between meals to keep you from starving.

Dinner:—Have a tremendous dinner. You can't be expected to play sports well on an empty stomach.

Tea:—Better have tea. It is most embarrassing when the teacher gives you—5 during Prep for talking and it is really your stomach grumbling!!

Supper:—It's a long night, so have a filling supper. You've got lots of visits to make at midnight. And that's the way it goes!!

LINDA FRASER, V A.



## MAN ON A HIGH WIRE

This is a fantastic true story of Charles Blandin, a French tight-rope walker and acrobat who was born at St. Omer, France, on February twenty-eighth, eighteen hundred and twenty-four. When Charles (whose real name is Francois Gravelet,) was five years of age his parents sent him to the Ecole de Gymnase, at Lyons. He was an eager little boy and after six months training as an acrobat he made his first public appearance as "The Little Wonder." He came over to this country after a few years and this is where his fame and fortune began.

It was in Youngstown, New York, in eighteen hundred and fifty-five that he made a bet that he could cross Niagara Falls on a tight rope. Of course no one would believe that he would dare attempt such a feat.

Charles had a cable measuring eleven hundred feet put across the river just below the falls, one hundred and sixty feet above the swirling waters. At last the day arrived when his impossible feat was to be done. He did not appear until the last minute of the bet, just when the bettors and a few on-lookers thought he had given up. He then majestically arrived in striking black and yellow tights and his unbelievable career began. He was carrying a balancing pole twenty-six feet long with which to balance himself on this short but dangerous journey. He proceeded very cautiously, but with the air of a man who was sure to succeed. He then amazed his audience by crossing over to the other side and

returning. He then quickly received the amount fixed upon by the bettors and went away, leaving behind a crowd of amazed spectators. He crossed Niagara many more times, always with different theatrical variations—once blindfolded and another time in a sack. In 1859 he crossed the Falls on a tight rope, blindfolded, and pushing a wheelbarrow at the same time.

Later, in front of still bewildered but much larger audiences, including the Prince of Wales, he walked on a pair of stilts on a tight rope over these angry waters. Another variation was successfully carrying an average-sized man strapped on his back across this eleven hundred feet of cable. In 1860 to astonish his growing audiences still further, he started across the tight rope and sitting down midway he made and ate an omelette which he seemed to enjoy thoroughly.

The following year, 1861, he was called to England where he performed for her Majesty Queen Victoria and the Royal Family, and in the same year, he appeared in London at the Crystal Palace, turning somersaults on stilts on a rope stretched across the central transept, one hundred and seventy feet above the ground. His final performance was given in Belfast in 1896, at the age of seventy-two, and one year before his death.

What amazes most people is that when Charles Blondin died in 1897 he was seventy-three, a remarkable age for a man as active and under such a strain as he was. Now if you have any silly intention of trying to walk across Niagara Falls on a tight-rope—don't try it—it's against the law.

BARBARA MURRAY, VI A.

(Speech given at VI A Public Speaking Competition)



## SUNSET

A ball of orange in the western sky  
Sinking slowly; the evening sun doth die  
Below the mountains and out of sight,  
Leaving behind a mellow light.

The day is done; and how was it spent?  
Have you been kind and your actions well-meant?  
If in every way you have done your best  
'Tis with happiness you will meet your rest.  
And so, as the sun departs for the day  
If with full confidence you can say  
"With grace the passing day I have met"  
What a joy to you will be each sunset.

JANE MITCHELL, Matric.



## INVITATION

Spring's dainty foot did bend the grass  
 So lush and green, and while she passed,  
 The golden sun warmed in the sky  
 And lent its brilliant beams  
 To surfaces of gurgling streams  
 And urged each flower to grow quite high,  
 And every blue-bird in the tree  
 To chirp a song to its newest three.  
 All this I saw as I wandered over  
 Green pastures where the fragrant clover  
 Bloomed and blew in the gentle breeze.  
 O, city-dwellers, come with me  
 Away from the smoke in which you hide,  
 From the crowds and the traffic. It's fun to be free.

JOAN HOWARD, VI B.



## UNDER THE WIDE AND STARRY SKY

Robert Louis Stevenson's poem "Requiem" begins with the line,

"Under the wide and starry sky."

When he wrote the poem was he thinking of just where he wanted to be buried, or was he thinking of all the beauties of night? Night is beautiful at all times and in all places. In winter the black sky and twinkling stars look down endless miles of white snow and purple mountains bathed in silver moonlight. There is no sound in the sharp, cool air, and we think of this as the perfect picture of tranquillity, until we see the sea before a summer storm. The moon is pale then, and grey clouds flit across its face, making dark shadows on the glass-like ocean. Peace! Peace until the storm breaks and the whole atmosphere of the night is changed. It is no longer gentle and quiet, but filled with the loud screams of the wind, the turbulent crashing of the waves against the rocks, and the deep rumble of thunder. Night changes again; now it is night in a city. Gone are the beauties of the country and in their place are the honking of horns and the brightly-coloured lights of the city. Beautiful? Yes, but different from the beauty of a summer night in the country when one is lying on the ground looking up at the sky, so far above, and smelling new-mown hay, listening to the sounds—the crickets and the bull-frogs and the steady hum of life.

Night is not just a collection of beautiful scenes; it is a time of activity. Animals come from their homes to frolic in their beautiful surroundings, not fearing the presence of man in the peace of night.

Little brown rabbits hop through the forest on their many errands. Deer, tall and stately with their heavy, antlered heads move like dark forms among the trees, still shy in the stillness of the night.

But night is also a time of terror. A fox chases a rabbit, and a death cry strikes the silent air as a heavy rock would strike a calm lake. Throughout the night animals stalk and kill, and violence is masked only by the calm exterior.

Despite its hidden violence, night is beautiful and in it can be found perfection and happiness. A cripple, a deaf man, or a mute can find beauty in a world which otherwise would seem very ugly and cruel. Only a blind man can see no beauty in night, but perhaps even he finds beauty in the sounds of night, for who can listen to night's music and remain unmoved. At night you are alone; you can be by yourself to think and dream. I believe Stevenson was thinking of night as a time of beauty and peace when he wrote "Requiem."

As he said,

"Dig the grave and let me lie;  
 Glad have I lived and gladly die,  
 And I lay me down with a will."

Who would not be glad to die, to be buried and find peace, everlasting peace, "Under the wide and starry sky" of night?

SANDRA ROBERTSON, Matric.



## TRANSLATION IN REVERSE

Bath House,  
 (I always thought this  
 was a place where one  
 changed for swimming)  
 Bath, Eng.,  
 Sept. 20, 1958

Ma chère Madeleine,

I must tell you of my dreadful experiences in this obnoxious land. James, the friend whom I am visiting, says he is now **air** to Bath House. There is something I do not understand about this mot, **air**. **Air**, as I have always thought, is that marvellous substance on which we survive. Maintenant, how can a person be **air**?

This is not all. La semaine passée, James strode up to me and boomed in his loud country-squire voice, "To-morrow, you and my sister Mary shall hunt the heart."

The heart? But surely my friend was not suggesting that I seek the heart of his relation whom I had never met!

"Don't worry, old chap, Mary is the hearty sort."

"Hearty"? Quelle horreur! Was this woman the kind who collected men's hearts as savages did skulls?

"Poor old girl, has a bit of a horse voice," James added reflectively.

I quickly imagined a horse-like voice and peals of shrill, idiotic laughter. Oh, how I would suffer with this hateful, giddy woman!

James continued, "Rather a shame, though. Her sense of smell is rotten."

"Mais, non," I thought, "a lady who uses ill-smelling perfume—unbearable!"

"But what she nose of the hunt is immense!"

This was said as James left the salon. My ear, untrained for the "langue Anglaise" understood only "nose immense." Could a woman be so unattractive—pursuing men's hearts, laughing as a horse neighs, using ill-smelling perfume, and having an immense nose?

The next day my question was answered. Armed with resolutions such as "You must be kind to her, remember how you would hurt Jim. . ." I marched to tryst as a prisoner to the guillotine. Behold the glorious sight that met my eyes—a lovely lady with a petit nose and enveloped in fragrance of heavenly essence, stood before me.

"Oh, there you are, Pierre, old chap."

James' voice broke the spell. "Come on, let me introduce you to Mary. Well—don't just stand there gawking, you rotter!"

Madeleine, ma soeur, what is the explanation?

This lady was not only beautiful, but also, she was not a heart-grabber, nor was her voice unpleasant and high. How could un frère make such a charming woman seem so terrible? I have decided James is a villain. Mary—je l'aime beaucoup—cannot be left to the care of so evil a man. Thus I shall bring her avec moi back to la belle France where she will be my wife. You are pleased, n'est-ce pas?

Votre frère,

Pierre.

GALE DAVIS, VI A.

## CLOSE CALL

It was late in November and the snow was beginning to fall. The street lights had just come on, making a shining world about each pole. A young boy came around the corner. He was nine or ten years old, and his jacket sleeves were too short and his pant legs were too long and had to be rolled up.

"What's this?" he exclaimed, bending down to pick up a shining object at his feet.

It was a key-ring with two old keys on it. One looked as if it might fit any lock while the other had a weird shape and didn't look like any key he had ever seen before. Turning it over in his hands he wondered if he should bother handing it in to the police. Keys would be something that a good number of people might lose. It would be difficult to find the owner of these. He shoved the keys into his pocket, deciding that if he heard of anyone losing keys he would take them to the police, but if not he would sell them to his friend Tom Bently, who collected bits and pieces. He might get a quarter for them.

He began walking quickly down the street; he lived about four blocks away. As he came in sight of the police station he put his hand in his pocket and felt the keys again. A guilty sensation swept over him, and to his horror at that very moment a police car drove up and stopped beside him.

"Sonny, come here a minute," called one of the men from within the squad car.

Fear clutched his heart and he almost turned and ran in the opposite direction.

"Yes Sir?" he asked desperately as he approached the car.

"Isn't it a bit late for you to be out by yourself?" inquired the man behind the wheel.

"Yes, I guess so—I—um—um."

"Yes?" inquired the other officer.

"Well, I found two keys and was going to give them in—Honest!" stammered the frightened little figure.

"Let me see them, please," and the driver held out his hand with an impressively serious expression.

"Sure," said the small boy eagerly handing over the keys.

"Thanks. I'll take them to headquarters the next time we get in. Would you like a ride home?"

"No thanks, I just live down the street," called the boy, as he started off into the night.

His heart was light. He had just escaped life imprisonment.

SHIRLEY MORRIS, VI A.

### A DAY TO REMEMBER

It was the day of the big swim. The contestants had actually started the long two-and-a-half mile course. My friends and I had just gone over to the wharf in our small boat to refill our tank with gas when a small hand-built craft pulled alongside the wharf, also hoping to get gas. As soon as the boat docked, a man with a movie camera jumped out. Somehow he lost his balance and fell backwards into the water.

I'm afraid that a slight smile crossed my lips as he bobbed up with a mouthful of salt water and a very wet camera, but down he went again. This time my face was not so bright. I realized that the man couldn't swim. His friend in the boat would surely help him, but no, he didn't. He started shouting something in German which I didn't understand, but I gathered that he could not swim either. What was I to do? The man was going under for about the fifth time and I was the only other person there. My friends had left me to hold the boat while they went for gas. I could swim, but suppose he should grasp me in his terror and pull me under with him? Besides, if I let go of the boat it would probably drift away. I was just about to sit down in my boat again when the victim cried for help. I would have to do what I could. Giving no thought to the boat or to my clothes, I jumped into the deep water.

It was just as I had anticipated. The man started to grab me with his steel-like fingers and he dragged me under. Somehow I managed to free myself from him, and wrapping my arm around his neck I started pulling him towards the wharf and safety. When he had fallen in he had been only a few feet from the wharf, but now, after all the struggling, he was a good twenty feet away, and I was very exhausted when the drowning man was finally out of the water and catching his breath on the wharf. With a groan about his wet camera and a slight smile he got back into his boat and left.

I looked about the dock but nobody else was there. No one had seen my heroic rescue, but oddly enough, and to my amazement, I did not mind. I was, to my own knowledge, a heroine, but I soon realized that I had done only what anyone else would have done who had been there. Thank goodness our boat had **not** drifted away.

After my friends returned with the gas we started back across the lake hoping to see the finish of the race. As we went along my friends asked me about my damp appearance. I hesitated for a moment, then quite naturally replied that I had been in for a swim. I shall always remember this July day, but to everyone else it was just another day in the summer holidays.

JANET OSLER, V A.

### SATURDAY MORNING



### SATURDAY NIGHT







### THE COTTAGE AT NIGHT

When all the Cottage lights are out  
And all the Staff have gone downstairs,  
Then we start to move about  
All deciding we have no cares.

Then we hear some footsteps clear  
And then a voice shouts very loud,  
"Minus fives will be up here  
And croc-walks too for your crowd."

Then we all stretch out to sleep,  
Trying to have a pleasant dream.  
No one utters or murmurs a peep,  
No one's flashlight shines a beam.

At last we've all dozed off to rest,  
Late or early the time may be.  
We haven't been good but we've tried our best,  
And now we're angels as you can see !!!

JENNIFER GILES, V B.



### THE OLD BRIDGE

In the lower part of the Rocky mountains, there is an old covered bridge which has been standing there since eighteen ninety-two. It is hardly ever used, but many artists come by in winter and summer to paint beautiful pictures of it.

The bridge is a rusty red colour and is made of old cedar wood. A little babbling brook flows beneath it, and makes a glittering reflection of it on its own rippling surface. A tiny waterfall trickles down the cliff on the other side of the bridge. The sun shining brightly illumines and colours the gentle spray from this waterfall as it sprinkles the weather-worn roof of the bridge.

CATHERINE STEWART, V B.

### JACKO AND BEPO THE MONKEYS

My uncle Charles used to have two very naughty monkeys, Jacko and Bepo. One spring day a very pretty lady came along showing off her new hat, which had wax apples and bananas and just about all the fruit that make monkeys' mouths water, on it. At this time the monkeys were up in a tree watching the people walking on the pavement below. At last the pretty lady came their way still showing off her hat. Jacko and Bepo could hardly believe their eyes at what they saw. So they jumped down and snatched the hat off her head and started chewing it up. But oh! what a surprise the monkeys got when they found the fruit on it was only wax.

NICOLA DRUCE, V B.



### GUILTY

One Thursday the cottage had candy cupboard. Mum had sent me some salt water taffies. As I reached in, I saw that the lid of my box was open, and when I looked in some were missing. I wondered what had happened for there were some little bits of paper lying around. Then the next time I noticed the same thing.

Next morning with permission from Made-moiselle Dostie I crept downstairs very early and went to the candy cupboard. Suddenly I heard a rustling sound coming from that direction so I quietly shut the door and swung open the cupboard door. There sat a little grey mouse with his cheeks bulging, so I shooed him away and out the back door. Then I put my candy in a tin. Now I could be sure that I wouldn't miss any of my taffies anymore.

SUSAN BRAINERD, V B.

## THE VOLCANO IN ST. VINCENT

St. Vincent is a small island of only about one hundred and fifty square miles, but it has a large dormant volcano which is set in a mountain four thousand feet high. The crater of this volcano, when not active, forms a lake one mile wide. Its name is Soufrière.

A trip to Soufrière is one exciting thing visitors often take. They usually stay over night at one of the houses at the foot. They leave for the top at dawn so that the trip can be done before the sun gets too hot. The first part of the journey is done on horseback. This is through coconut and sugar-cane plantations. When the going gets too steep the horses are left and the rest of the journey is done on foot. After about half an hour's climb, the forests, which have so far been on both sides of the road, begin to thin out until about half way up there is nothing growing at all. From here on there is a grey waste of sandy lava. The climbing is now very difficult and it takes just about another hour to reach the summit.

The lake's surface is about one thousand feet below the edge of the crater; this makes the water change colour as the clouds pass over. From here there is a magnificent view of most of the island.

Soufrière last erupted in 1902. Much damage was done both to people and to crops. Thousands of people were killed by the gases, the stones thrown into the air and the white-hot lava. I believe that in two places whole villages were covered and every one living there at the time, killed. This last eruption lasted for many days and during this time the island was covered with a heavy cloud.

My great-grandfather and great-grandmother were killed at this time. Fortunately eruptions in the past have only been about every ninety years, and we hope never to have another.

BETTY JANE PUNNETT, IV B.



## THE COMING OF WINTER

In summer-time all seems so warm  
Until the little breezes form.  
Then everything becomes so cool;  
Ice forms on lake and forest pool.

Winter-time has come with joy!  
Red the cheeks of girl and boy.  
Laughter rings upon the air,  
And no one has a thought of care.

SHIREEN FINCH, V B.

## WINTER'S BEAUTY

In the winter, nature's scenes change constantly. One day you may look out on a fairy land. The icicles hang from the roof like swords from a diamond-studded belt. The midday sun shines down in its golden loveliness to make the snow look like a Mikado's robe with so many gems inbedded in its soft white folds. The trees surround a field as if changed by sorcery into rows of straight, tall soldiers in brown and white coats, forbidding anyone to mar its shimmering white surface.

Another day you may look and see the scene has changed greatly. The wind swirls the snow into miniature whirlwinds and then tosses it into piles so that soon the once-smooth surface looks like sand dunes. The trees bend down as if to sweep the snow into the dark, black sky. These are only two of the memorable scenes which show winter's beauty.

SANDRA PONDER, V B.

## LITTLE FAIRIES

What are they, so small and clear,  
That come to us but once a year?  
Dancing, playing, on the go,  
Are little fairies on the snow.

From the time the sun rises till it goes down  
They play in their suits of green and brown.  
They jump up high and crouch down low,  
The little fairies on the snow.

After playing about the whole long day  
They look in the woods for a place to lay  
Their weary heads. There in a row  
Are little fairies on the snow.

JANET BURGOYNE, IV A.

## THE STORM

It was a quiet, calm day. Too quiet! Soon dark clouds scurried across the sky. The wind whirled madly through the branches of the trees, and the leaves swept across the lawn like little armies racing. The storm had begun. The lightning bolted from the telephone wires and the thunder banged furiously. The shutters bounced madly against the houses as if they were punching bags. The rain beat against the roof like the sound of horses charging. After hours of the tormenting storm, it finally slowed down. The sky lightened and the sun came pouring out from behind the clouds. The lightning flickered on and off like a fire fly, until the storm had completely gone. Soon it was a calm quiet day once again with just the small drops of water falling lightly on the roof.

MARION THOMPSON, V B.

## THE FAR OFF HILLS

The hills that we see over on the horizon are to us something in another sphere. Looking out in the morning we see a blue haze overhanging the mountains. As the day creeps on and the sun gets higher in the sky, the mist rises and gives us a clear view of the magnificent hills, which seem to be the edge of the world. If we look around, we seem to be caged in by them like giants keeping us from all danger. If we are in a dreamy mood perhaps we can imagine that fairies and pixies live there and weave spells all day and night liberating beautiful princesses from ogres.

In the evening the sun kisses the highlands good night with her long golden shafts that seem to reach everywhere and bathes the world in rosy light so that it will not forget her till morning comes again. Then darkness closes in and shuts from sight the protective and distant hills. I think that we can imagine many beautiful things in those hills but most of its loveliness is in Mother Nature.

CATHERINE WOOTTON, IV A.

## KINGS AND QUEENS

One day we went to see a wax museum. Inside it was very quiet and there were many statues and displays. Everything was made from wax and dressed in real clothes. A guide took us around the history department and there we saw figures of Frontenac and other Governors of Canada. We also saw a statue of King Charles II. There were many displays in the window, but I was more interested in the English Kings and Queens. We saw a figure of Good Queen Bess in a beautiful gown with a ruff around her neck. She was wearing a many-jewelled crown, which always seemed to be slipping down over one eye. There was also a statue of Florence Nightingale in her uniform carrying a lantern which flickered on and off. Later on we saw Wolfe proudly wearing a scarlet coat and beautiful gold-laced hat. He also carried a real sword!

I still preferred the statue of Queen Bess and the slipping crown!

SHEILA SALMOND, IV B.



## V A FORM REPORT

1. J. Cochand, Chalet Cochand.
2. M. Meagher, North Hatley.
3. B. Romano, Hollywood.
4. J. Westwater, Westmount.
5. C. Ayers, Montreal.
6. B. Bernier, Sweetsburg.
7. N. Nichol, Mount Royal.
8. S. Fuller, Galt.
9. J. Osler, Toronto.
10. C. Robertson, Washington.
11. G. Nichols, Calgary.
12. G. Bell, Hamilton.
13. S. Frost, Pointe Claire.
14. B. Barret, Galt.
15. A. Wainwright, Ridley.
16. T. Rankin, Drummondville.
17. S. Dawes, Westmount.
18. L. Fraser, Baie Comeau.
19. S. McArthur, Montreal.
20. B. Taylor, East Angus.
21. C. Sonne, Mount Royal.
22. J. Skelton, Rosemere.
23. S. Ross, Hudson.
24. J. Punnett, West Indies.
25. F. Bieler, Sillery.
26. J. Hutchison, Toronto.

## KEY TO "DO YOU KNOW YOUR STAFF"

1. u Miss MacLennan, English and Latin.
2. w Miss Gillard.
3. h Miss Morris, History.
4. l Mr. Roberts, Scripture.
5. r Madame Yarrill, French
6. b Miss Povey, Geography.
7. p Miss Dexter, Art.
8. i Miss Keith, Math.
9. s Mrs. Elliott, Eng., Arith.
10. a Miss I. Jenkins, nurse
11. t Miss Ramsay, Math.
12. m Miss Keyzer, secretary.
13. n Mrs. Doering, English.
14. v Mlle Cailteux, French
15. e Madame Landes, French
16. g Miss Evans, V A Matron.
17. o Mrs. Welter, Junior Matron.
18. f Miss Macdonald, music.
19. q Miss Ticehurst, gym.
20. c Miss Limb, Math.
21. j Miss Wallace, Science.
22. k Mlle Dostie, Household Science.
23. d Miss Hewson, music.



# King's Hall, Compton, Old Girls' Association

## MARRIAGES

Katherine Molson to Sterling Moss.  
 Marjorie McMaster to Carl Dennis.  
 Anne Abel-Smith to David Lidell-Grainger.  
 Peggy Ross to Dr. Donald Stewart.  
 Barbara Hyman to William MacLaren.  
 Mary Fayre Tremaine to William Mathewson.  
 Barbara Shipman to James Roberton.  
 Nonie Stratford to Roger Simon.  
 Andrea Russell to A. Seymour.  
 Georgie Hebden to P. R. Simmons.

## BIRTHS

Dr. and Mrs. Cape (Anne Duncanson) a daughter in September.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gilmour (Anne Trenholme) a daughter in October.

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Anable jr. (Ann English) a daughter in July.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant Campbell (Priscilla Wanklyn) a daughter in May.

Dr. and Mrs. Alan Finlay (Nan Kennedy) a daughter in February.

Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Hart (Myrne Harris) a daughter in February.

Mr. and Mrs. John Porter (Shirley Wight) a son in February.

Mr. and Mrs. Neil Shaw (Audrey Robinson) a daughter in July.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Kazi (Jean Dodds) a son in January.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wilmot (Carol Giles) a daughter in March.

Mr. and Mrs. John Fuller (Mary Hobart) a daughter in August.

Mr. and Mrs. Hartland MacDougall (Eve Gordon) a daughter in February.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Woodward (Ann Cornelius) a son in July.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Laptew (Betty Calder) a daughter in November.

Mr. and Mrs. David Molson (Claire Faulkner) a daughter in March.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Dalley (Willa Benson) a son in February.

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Suche (Anne Lucas) a daughter in December.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert McCulloch (Judith Morton) a son in June.

Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Titus (Jean Lindsey) a daughter in June.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Durkee (Judy Lindsey) a son in July.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hall (Elizabeth Creery) a son in January.

Mr. and Mrs. James Paterson (Rosalie Ballantyne) a daughter in October.

## ENGAGEMENTS

Joan Williams to Charles Ballantyne.

Anne Boright to David Gregory.

Andrea Rutherford to John Burgess.

Rene Perrault to Frederick Benn.

Heather Rogers to John Sutherland.

Helen Leduc to R. Parody.

Nancy Beattie to Dr. John Price.

Juliana de Kuyper to J. G. Lynch-Staunton.

Jill Pacaud to S. Raper.

## NEWS

Diana Kingsmill ('49) is interning in Toronto.

Byrne Wheeler ('48) teaching skiing at the Lac Ouimet Club.

Jane Mather ('48) is on the staff of the Montrealer.

Norma Wight working in Boston.

Jennifer Porteous nursing in Boston.

Mary Jane Hutchison nursing at Sun Valley, Idaho.

### THE OLD GIRLS OF '57

Many present girls, old girls (and even last year's Matrics) have asked us "What is so and so doing this year?" We, the Matrics of '58 decided to supply the missing information and dedicate a portion of our magazine to last year's graduates.

Those across the sea in Switzerland are ANN BIELER attending the University of Lausanne, SUE CASSELS at Neuchâtel and IRMA SCHIESS, whom we haven't heard from, but we think she is marooned on top of the Alps somewhere. In Paris are ANN HOLTON at Les Ambassadeurs, DIANA FOWLER at Ecole d'Assomption studying French; also in France are LUCY DOUCET, who is attending Grenoble University, and BAMBI REEVES at the Sorbonne. TONI TAYLOR (one of the two Montreal debutantes) is now touring the continent.

Many girls are taking an Arts course at McGill: LALLY KENNEDY, LIZ NAPIER, TONY NEWMAN, JUDY ROBB, JANET MARTIN, and FLORA CHURCH (another debutante). At present they are writing their exams and we hear that they are finding them pretty stiff. LYNN FRANCIS is taking a nursing course. We have heard that all these girls are familiar faces on the McGill Campus. SUE

MEAGHER is also at College, taking a Science course at Bishop's University. (She seems to be attached to these parts!)

HEATHER MORRIS has put in a busy year at the Mother House and therefore her fellow classmates have not seen much of her. At Trafalgar we find JUDY PERON who seems to need a Senior Matric for her future College plans. JANE CUSHING entered the Montreal General Hospital in February to start her three years' training. (We hope she will make Africa someday!)

The remainder of the class are doing miscellaneous things. SUE BLACKBURN is in London, Ontario, taking her Senior Matric at Brescia College, LINDA GRIER also stayed home to learn the typist trade in Ottawa. ANN IDDON is getting great experience in the acting field and is at a dramatic school in New York. We think that TOTTIE SCHNEIDER has a job in Philadelphia, but aren't sure.

This information may not be accurate as contacts with the world at large are limited.

We wish the Matrics of '57 the very best of luck in their chosen careers.

BRENDA CUTHBERTSON, Matric.



STILL A FAMILIAR SIGHT

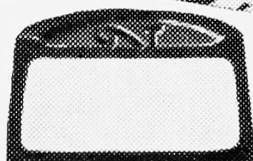


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C. Ayers, 3605 Ridgewood Ave., Apt. 308, Montreal, P.Q.  
P. Ayre, Winterhalme, 79 Rennie's Mill Road, St. John's, Nfld.
- C. Bailey, 11 Newcourt Rd., Bray, County Wicklow, Eire.  
B. Baker, 198 Dufferin Road, Hampstead, P.Q.  
B. Barrett, Alexandra Place, Victoria Park, Galt, Ont.  
G. Bastian, 1780 Dumfries Ave., Town of Mt. Royal, P.Q.  
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J. Bignell, Lake House, Lake Beauport, P.Q.  
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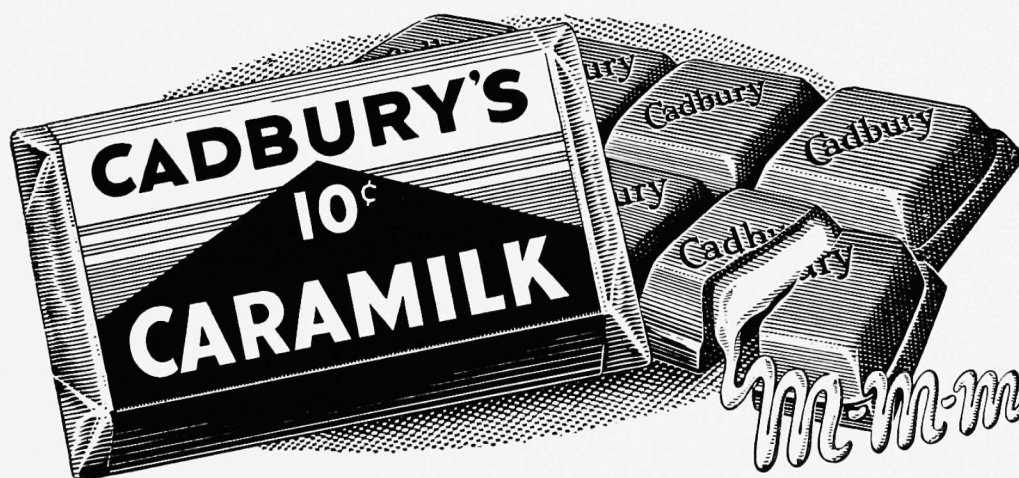
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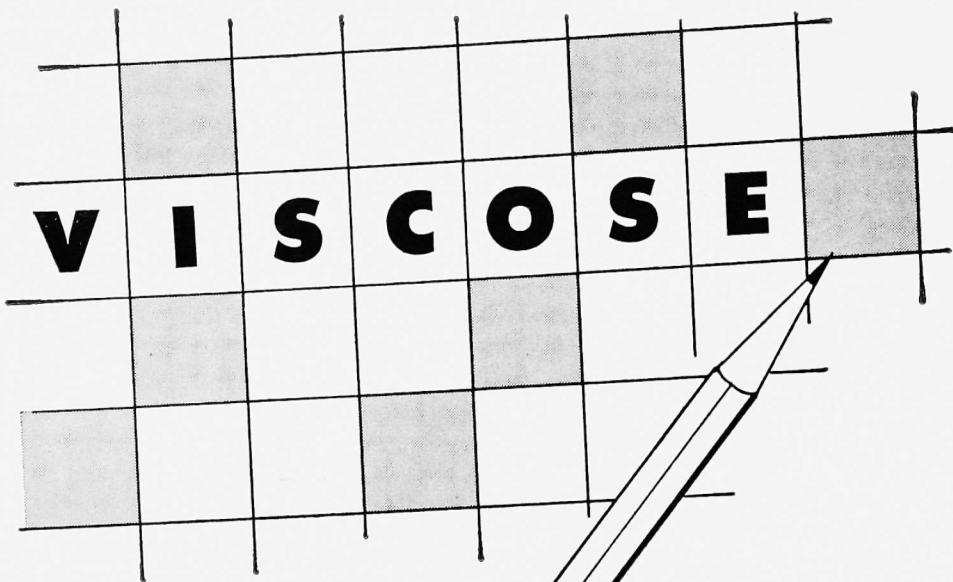
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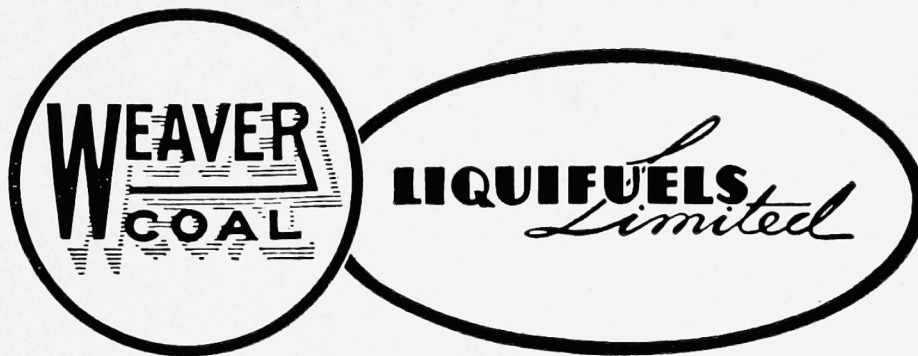
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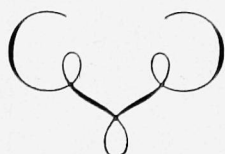
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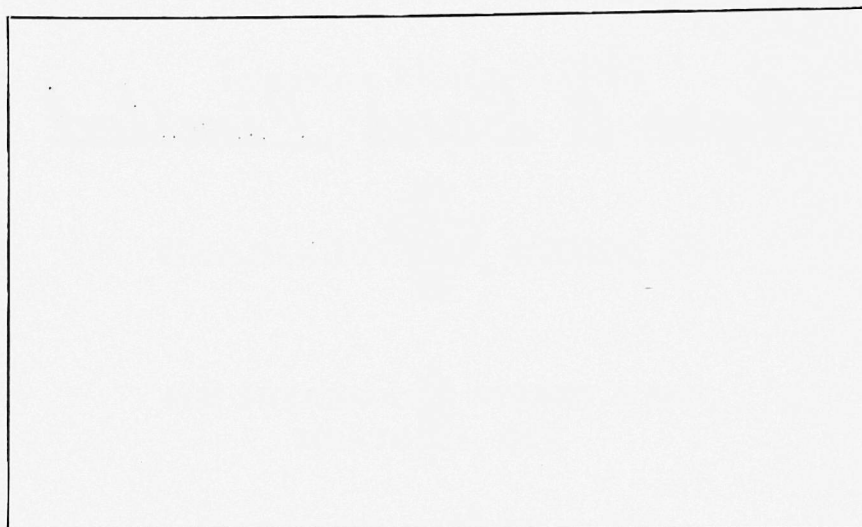
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